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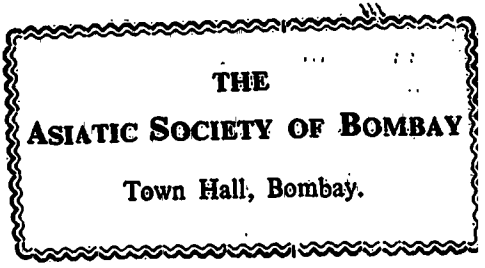

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GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

Commander in Chief of the United States Army.

A RUN

THROUGH THE

UNITED STATES,

DURING THE AUTUMN OF 1840.

85937

BY

LIEUT.-COL. A. M. MAXWELL, K.H.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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UNITED STATES.

LETTER XXVII.

Falls—Horseshoe Fall—Museum Cave—Termination Rock—Glories of the Expedition resigned—Bravery of the Ladies—Table Rock—Italian Travellers—Disappointment of the Parma Baron—Rainy Weather, and Military Disappointment—Equinoctial Gale—Departure delayed—Honeymoonites, American and English—Future Route.

Niagara Falls, Clifton House Hotel,
Drummondsville, Upper Canada,
Sept. 17, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

I AGAIN address you from this sovereign of the world of floods, contrary to my intention, as it had been arranged that we should quit the Falls this evening, either for To-

ronto or Osweigo; but things have turned out otherwise, and I have another day's cascading to give you. I will, however, be brief and merciful.

In the morning I went down to Table Rock, on my way to which I was decoyed into the Museum, and nearly ruined myself by the various purchases I made of Indian workmanship, and all manner of *inutilities*.

Major B——, who before breakfast this morning had been at Termination Rock, which all intrepid travellers visit, was so coaxing, and spoke so seductively of the easy descent, and the wonders I should behold at the foot of the Horseshoe Fall, that, although I had forsworn all spiral staircases since I descended that styled Biddle's, at Goat Island, I resolved to undertake the enterprise. It was a most tremendously stormy, wet morning; but the stair was a covered one; and I was led from one thing to another, until I found

myself under the cataract, and at the mouth of the cave that leads to Termination Rock, my ears filled with noise, my mouth with spray, and my clothes completely saturated.

We had no guide with us, for I had never contemplated a visit to these gloomy regions; presuming I could obtain the certificate, which my friend exultingly exhibited, without getting half smothered with water, or being obliged to strip to the skin, and thrust myself into a dirty canvass bag, that half the world have worn before me; and all this without the possibility of seeing any thing, for you sidle in with your face to the rock.

So, prudence being the better part of valour, I respectfully declined the operation, meekly endured all the Major's exultations over me, and returned to the upper regions, where I inspected the books in which the names of all the watery adventurers are registered; and for the honour of the fair

sex be it said, that woman, lovely woman! for courage and daring has it hollow, twenty to one at least! Two fair dames, the guide told me, had entered the dreary arch this morning, whilst the spouse and the lover hung back. I well remember my own better half at Orleans insisted on mounting a pinnacle of the cathedral, where I was afraid to follow her, and where few midshipmen would have ventured!

To make up for my lack of enterprise on this occasion, I set out, in defiance of the pelting storm, and traversed Table Rock in all directions; dipping the tips of my fingers into the mighty river where he takes his mightiest bound—actually into the very cataract: you ought to respect and venerate this letter when you consider that it is written by those self-same fingers.

The part of the Table Rock we stood on is not above a foot and three-quarters thick, perfectly scooped away, and stands out at

least forty feet from the other parts of the rock, shewing several large rents or cracks. On looking over you behold a huge slab, which detached itself last year.

Here we fell in with three Italians, a Baron B—— from Parma, and his fellow-townsman, the third a Sicilian: and whilst we held our hats, and hugged the Table Rock with our feet like crabs, and Niagara was foaming and roaring around us, the baron strained his voice amidst the deafening flood, to tell me that he had come "*cinque mille miglia à posto;*" that he had felt disappointed at first, but that wonder, awe, and all manner of grand sensations had gained on him as he gazed; that he had been under the cascade a distance of sixty paces; that he had been blinded, and breathless, and drenched, and almost blown away by the diabolical wind that issued from the slimy cavern; and concluded by shrugging up his shoulders, and exclaiming,

"*Non paga l'incommodo.*" The Sicilian had declined the adventure. The poor baron must have been sadly put to it during his subterranean excursion, having for his conductor an Englishman, of whose language he did not understand a single word.

The wet day has been a source of disappointment to various of the visitors, as many of them were anxious to have seen the Highlanders at drill this morning. For myself I rather rejoiced that it has turned out so, as my friend, the American major, might have thought it odd that, amongst so many British officers, for we were six at the inn, not one of us should be acquainted with a single soul belonging to the 93d; and after all the attention that my friends and I had experienced at Buffalo, I should have felt chagrined at not having it in my power to return such kindness. However, it was mentioned to me, both at Buffalo and Boston —for kind acts are communicated—that the

American officers spoke of the hospitality and attention they had received from my regiment; and I must say that no stranger, entitled to wear a red or a blue coat, is allowed to be one half-hour in Fredericton, before a shot is fired at him in the shape of a hospitable message to parade himself at the board of the Grass Greens. This I do not say in the shape of reproach, for the gallant corps here quartered have no mess, in consequence, I presume, of their detached position.

Well! after getting drenched, getting back to the inn, getting dry clothes, and then getting our baggage packed up, preparatory to a start, we were counselled not

"To tempt the stormy firth to-day!"

for an old sailor told us it was a regular equinoctial, and that we should find Lake Ontario, which we had to traverse, in a frightful fury. The advice came from too

erudite a source to be neglected; so here we still are.

Several recently married American couples are at this place, billing and cooing, and *honeymoonising* at a great rate; not amidst the soft and murmuring sounds of trickling rills, but the roaring and bellowing of the by no means niggardly Niagara; who pours his tributes at their feet to the tune of about seventy millions of tons of water within the hour!

We also have several agreeable English pairs, some of them evidently in the same interesting predicament.

To-morrow, by another route, we retrace our steps to Albany, where we left some of our heavy gear; and thence we go down the Hudson to New York—see more of American men and manners—then to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. So you see that my *cacoëthes scribendi* will still have abundance of opportunity to indulge itself, and

pester you; but were I to write a thousand letters to you, none could ever be concocted amidst such an accumulation of noises, such a *concerto terrifico*, as this has been. The rain is pelting, the wind is howling, the cataract is raging and roaring, and the Venetian blinds of my windows tossing about as if they were bewitched, and letting in the wind and the rain in all directions. I must creep into bed in self-defence.

Adieu.

LETTER XXVIII.

Niagara quitted without Regret—Canadian Dinners—Journey to Queenston—Sir Isaac Brock's Monument—Cowardly Attempt to Destroy it—Mob Rule—A Faithless Domestic—Honourable Conduct of an American Officer—Supineness of the Local Government—Fort Niagara—Agreeable Party on Board the Steam-boat—Water Snake—Toronto—The Tunkers—Lake Ontario.

On Board the United States Steamer, on Lake Ontario, Sept. 18, 1840.

My dear S——,

What will you think of me, when I confess to you that I felt a sensation of pleasure at departing from this wonder of the world? Whether the mind had been over excited, and sought repose, or whether it was my usual fondness for novelty, I know not: certain it is that I left Niagara without regret. I fear I am a Goth in taste;

for I well remember giving great offence by not being in raptures with the Venus de Medicis, which really appeared to me to have lost all her interest and her beauty by having been thrown out of a three pair of stairs window, and picked up with a broken head, a broken arm, and a broken leg; and then cobbled up for want of a better. Give me Canova's, or that glorious one at Naples, with the somewhat indecorous French title.

But to resume my journeying. This morning I again visited and studied the battle-field of Lundy's Lane, lounged in the Museum, and rambled around the Falls. The coach for Queenston did not start until the afternoon; we therefore joined the large dinner-party, many of whom were bound for the same route as ourselves. The company were chatty and agreeable, the dinner bad, ill arranged, and worse served, and miserably inferior to the very worst American one we have yet seen; and yet the landlord

was a civil fellow, and anxious to do his best.

I hold that when a man is past five-and-twenty, a bad dinner is a positive misfortune. I endeavoured to console myself by some extremely strong coffee; but before I had completed the operation, "Coach a-going! Coach a-going!" was shouted; and a large party of us were bundled into two carriages, and trotted and jolted to Queenston Heights; where we surveyed the monument raised as a tribute to the memory of the brave Sir Isaac Brock, who was killed here in action on the 13th of October, 1812, whilst fighting against the Americans, commanded by General Solomon Van Ransalaer.

This column was erected by some spirited Canadians a few years ago: the shaft of the pillar is about 125 feet high, and it stands on a base of about twenty feet square. Last year some envious and malignant wretches tried to destroy it; and I regret to add that

it is whispered on the Border that the son of the antagonist of the fallen hero, who is known as the aider and abettor of M'Kenzie at Navy Island, was at the head of the atrocious gang of "sympathisers."

You are filled with astonishment when you hear of a government being either so supine or so powerless as to permit her magazines to be plundered, her arms seized, and her cannon dragged forth to attack a friendly and unsuspecting power. I had a pretty good example of *mobocracy* and mob-law in an affair personal to myself, when a treacherous domestic left me one fine morning, while I commanded at Woodstock on the frontier, and presented himself at Houlton, in the Union, with my keys in his hand—a clear indication of his treachery.

The American commandant—a gallant and honourable soldier—had him immediately arrested, with the intention of sending him back; but the mob turned out, beat

the military, and *rescued* a faithless domestic: thus proving that the most glaring breach of trust—which must have come home to the mind of the humblest of them—could not influence the acts of the sovereign people. The generous and noble conduct of the commandant of the American garrison made an impression on me that will never be forgotten; and the long correspondence that we had on the subject of that vilest of military crimes, desertion, was ample proof of the sincerity on both sides: but although Major K—— offered, from his own private purse, a reward of fifty dollars for the apprehension of the recreant delinquent, and forwarded my letter on the subject to the Governor of Maine, his Excellency did not condescend an answer to our joint appeal.

This digression over, I must inform you that we crossed the river in rather a ricketty barge, and embarked at Lewiston on board this splendid and commodious steamer,

called "The United States," where you have a pastrycook's shop, a flower shop, a toy shop, and a library; and soon hauled off from the wharf. It was a beautiful afternoon, and we paddled down the majestic Niagara, whose verdant banks, solemn-moving current, and transparent surface, contrasted strongly with his appearance a few miles above. Brock's column was seen rearing its head high in air, and, notwithstanding the dastardly rent in its shaft, which in my mind adds to its interest, seemed to frown defiance on its ignoble assailants.

We first stopped at Youngston, not far from the river's mouth, and next at Fort Niagara, now reconstructing; where I observed a flagstaff and a lighthouse. It is a place renowned in our colonial history. It was first erected by the French in 1751, was taken by us in 1759, and remained in our hands during the war of independence,

and was ceded by the treaty, but not delivered up until 1795. During the last war, Lieutenant-Colonel Murray crossed the river from the Canadian side, and took it by storm; it was again surrendered at the peace, and we have now no hold on the American side of the river.

Fort Niagara is on the gorge of the river at its entrance into Lake Ontario; and Fort George, now in ruins, having been the scene of warm work, is on the opposing bank; its *debris* are still visible: whilst a little lower down, and more immediately on the lake, is Fort Mazasogo, with one or two bristling cannon peeping over it. This work has been lately constructed.

In the steam-boat I again fell in with the dark-coloured gentleman from Calcutta, who had come to Lewiston by the American side of the river. I seem constantly to be falling in with him, although I have never yet ascertained his name. By the same route

the Parma Baron and his two friends joined us, and we really are a very jolly party in this most magnificent steamer, from the state cabin of which I am indicting this epistle, on the pure and broad waters of Lake Ontario; and a pretty respectable-sized lake it is, being 180 miles in length, and in some places sixty miles broad. Its waters are deep, cold, and clear, and abound in sturgeon and salmon. It would appear that this inland sea has other tenants, for my Calcutta companion informs me that in 1800 a boat had put out from York, now called Toronto, on an excursion of pleasure, but speedily returned with terror and dismay, having fallen in with a huge water-snake more than thirty feet long, which approached the boat and shewed fight, rearing his head and half his body out of the water.

I am debarred the pleasure of paying my respects to Lord Sydenham by the impatience of my travelling companions to get to

New York, and must thus lose the opportunity of seeing the capital of Upper Canada, where his lordship now is. I regret this, for I should like to compare the rapidity with which a town had sprung up on our side with the quick growth of American cities; but, according to my Calcutta friend's account, who had just come from thence, it is a thriving, "go-a-head" place, and more like an American town than any other he had seen in the Canadas. He told me that near it they have fellows called Tunkers, who wear little white *skimmer* hats, *Anglicè lilly shallows*, long-skirted coats that almost touch the ground, and beards nearly two feet long, and that they have Davidites, and no Bathshebas, but singing virgins.

We have just wind and wave enough to assist the steamer, at the same time serving as a hint to us that, had it so willed, Lake Ontario could have given us a very spirited touch of "the Bay of Biscay" in miniature;

and now, after passing a very gay and pleasant evening on the broad expanse of the lake, I shall turn into my dormitory, which looks clean and comfortable, with neat white curtains to shut me up from the vulgar gaze.

Adieu.

LETTER XXIX.

Comfortable Quarters at Utica better than a Night-journey by a new Railway—Energy of a poor Irish Woman—Osweigo—Departure from Syracuse—Confusion of Passengers and Packages—Stage Coach to Syracuse—Horrors of a *rutty* Road—A faithless Charioteer, as usual—Sea Phrases on Land—Hurried Departure from Syracuse.

Baggs' Hotel, Utica,
Saturday, Sept. 19, 1840.

My dear S——,

I hate night travelling, and I doubly hate making a toil of a pleasure; and therefore, although my more resolute friends have determined to continue their journey by the night train, I resolved to halt at Utica, having, as I think I told you, been there twice before, and aware of the merits of the hotel and of the hotel's keeper, and I can

assure you I have as yet had no reason to feel dissatisfied either with my resolution or my reception; for, on presenting myself at the bar, my phiz was no sooner recognised than five different hands, all belonging to the family of Baggs, were extended towards me in friendly greeting; and a Spatch cock, a bottle of iced champagne, followed by excellent Mocha coffee, a good cigar, a sherry cobler, a large room, and a good bed, were better things than rattling over an insecure railroad on a dark night; for on this line there are neither guards nor fences, nor is the engine provided with what some have, and all should have, a machine denominated a *cow-lifter*, which is placed in front, and which trips a cow, sheep, or calf off its legs, and suspends the animal in mid-air until the engine can be stopped.

My more adventurous friends, however, have started off, although aware of all this, and aware also that a few nights ago a

chasm had been formed by an *écroulement* of earth, which would have proved fatal to the passengers of one of the trains, had not a poor, kind-hearted Irishwoman, who saw the devoted carriage coming, rushed out from her hut, and ran, and roared, and screamed, and gesticulated, until she compelled the engineer to stop the locomotive, and thus, by her good Irish lungs and good Irish heart, saved the lives of the passengers.

But I must "hark back" to the steamer and Lake Ontario. I started from my cot in time to witness a glorious sun-rising, discussed three or four most luscious peaches, which were doubly acceptable after the somewhat late sitting of the preceding evening, got a splendid breakfast, and disembarked precisely at eight o'clock A. M. at Osweigo, which is situated at the mouth of a river of the same name, and is reckoned one of the very best harbours on the lake,

being formed by a pier thrown as it were across the mouth of the river, and which must have cost a great deal of money.

There is also a fine dry dock, and a beautiful bridge carried over the Osweigo to unite the two parts of this rising town, which will always be of importance as connected with the northern frontier, and from its contiguity to the Welland and Osweigo canals. It is at this place that Oneida, Cayuga, and Seneca Lakes pour in their tribute to old Ontario; and here also is a fort of some respectability.

Hurry-skurry, bustle, row, pulling, and hauling here commenced: coaches and canal boats were starting for Syracuse and a dozen other places, and the recommendations bellowed into our ears by the parties interested were absolutely astounding; half our baggage was stowed away on one of the coaches, whilst the other half was carried off to the canal boat; and in flying about in

various directions to recover our valuables, we parted company, and very nearly lost not only our chattels, but ourselves.

As we were apprehensive that the track boat would not arrive at Syracuse in time for the afternoon train for Utica, from which we were still distant seventy-three miles, we resolved to take the stage — and a pretty *stage* we had of it! being nearly capsized a dozen times, and jolted to a jelly without intermission. We first changed horses at Fulton, then travelled through an unsettled country and changed again at a miserable hostelerie called Three-River Point, shortly after crossing the Oneida River (which runs from Seneca Isle), near its junction with the Osweigo.

The road got worse and worse, but our charioteer still continued to assure us that we should be in time, although his tone altered considerably when once he had fairly hooked us; for at first he positively asserted

that we should be at Syracuse two hours before the train started; whereas, when we reached that place, jaded and hungry, after passing through Liverpool and Salina—both teeming with smoking salt-houses (built much in the shape of those for the manufacture of glass), and with numberless salt-pits—we were barely in time to have our effects shifted from the stage to the rail carriage, without a moment for refreshment or to look about us.

It is true, our friends who took to the canal lost the rail conveyance for that evening, but saved their bones. Our coachman during the day repeatedly roared to us "*to sit to windward to save a lea lurch.*" This was to assist him in getting the vehicle through an abominable deep rut. On asking him which side we were to lean to (for from our inside position we could not well tell which wheel was going to sink), he not

over-civilly answered, "Why, the weather-side to be sure!"

I have observed that in this country of lakes, rivers, and canals, sea phrases are as continually used when you are in a carriage as when you are afloat—"all on board!" "go a-head!" "steer clear!" &c.

We were hurried off from Syracuse, which I have before described to you, dinnerless; and I believe my friends and fellow-travellers were hurried off to Albany supperless and sleepless, whilst I have had the best of cheer at the best of inns; and now intend to close a heavy day's work with a good night's rest.

Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

Railway Journey to Albany—Erie Canal—Misfortune of an English Girl—Kindness of the Americans—Congress Hotel—Advice to Innkeepers—ALBANY—Buildings and Views.

Congress Hotel, Albany,
Sept. 20, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

ON getting into the railway car this morning, I found my Italian, as well as literary, friends; and when we compared notes, I failed not to crow over them most unmercifully. They had been travelling all night, from Syracuse, having lost their chance the previous afternoon by preferring the tedious canal-boat from Oswego to the *bone-setting* I underwent.

We again fell in with our old companions, the Erie Canal and the Mohawk River, with

its fertile valley improved in aspect by the increased richness of the autumnal tints.

After leaving Scenectedy and the road to Saratoga to our left, we were dragged up one side of a mountain and lowered down the other into the city of Albany, where I rejoined my companions, who, by neglecting my advice, had passed but a sorry night of it on the road.

The distance from Utica to Albany is 110 miles, for which you are charged three dollars and seventy-five cents. That part of the railroad extending from Scenectedy to Utica, and which I mentioned in a former letter as having been carried over hills and through dales, was begun in 1834 and finished in 1837:—and cost, including cars, &c., one million six hundred thousand dollars.

The Erie Canal, which runs by its side, must also have cost a "pretty considerable tarnation sum, I calculate;" and has, also,

to be lifted over the aforesaid hills by means of twenty-seven locks, before it unites with the Hudson at Albany.

I ought not to omit to tell you that I had as one of my companions to-day a very pretty, innocent-looking young woman, who had been travelling by the night-train from Rochester; as had also a young Englishman, who seemed to smile tenderly upon her. This fair damsel was going to New York to embark for England, so was the gentleman; but "the course of true love never doth run smooth." When the rail-cars halted at the station, and the amiable young gentleman was assisting the amiable young lady to collect her bandboxes, &c., the poor girl discovered she had either forgotten her purse or lost it somewhere on the road: she appeared to be, and I really think was, in great distress.

The young gallant volunteered to pay her passage home, but the poor blushing girl rejected the offer, and was inconsolable. I

spoke to the landlord about her, as well as to some of the lady passengers, particularly to Mrs. E——, and her clever English friend Mrs. J——. In short, there was a general interest taken in the young woman's misfortune; the landlord gave her a good bedroom and a good dinner and supper, and it was arranged she should return to Rochester by to-morrow's train.

Poor girl! she had accompanied her parents to this country, where they had both died; she had then gone into service, had made up a little purse by her savings, by the aid of which she was about to return to her native land.

I mention this incident to shew the kind-heartedness of the people, for every thing was done for her that could be, and she was permitted by the railroad proprietor to return by the road she came, free of charge, to look for her lost treasure; and I sincerely hope she may find it.

I had exerted my eloquence to persuade

several of my fellow-passengers to come to this hotel; as a reward for which, the managers of it put me into the worst room in the house. I had had a splendid one when I was here before. On my pointing out this to them, in a good-humoured manner, they have given me a better; but, unluckily, it is a double-bedded one. American inns are constantly crowded from the perambulating propensities of this keep-moving race.

The Congress Hotel wants looking after, although I admit it to be a fine establishment. Let me recommend all men who embark their money in such speculations, either to superintend them themselves, or let it be done by some near and dear relatives; and, better still, let these relatives have an interest in the concern. They will then look, as they ought to do, into the cleanness and comfort of every hole and corner, from the kitchen to the garret; if

they do not—to make use of their own expressions—they 'll seldom go a-head, and never be *first-rate!*

After dinner I went and heard an excellent discourse in the Episcopal Church, and then promenaded the elegant, airy, and well-built city, where I observed numerous very fashionably dressed females, some black, and many brown. The coloured ladies were decked in many-coloured dresses, and strutted about with an air of no small consequence and dignity.

I counted twenty churches; but I am told I ought to have counted twenty-two. The different persuasions I will not attempt to enumerate.

The Congress Hotel is on a line with the Capitol, and about 130 feet above the river, and commands a fine view; but every one who visits Albany should mount to the Observatory on the top of the Capitol, or Parliament House, as I did when I was last

here, from whence you enjoy one of the richest, most extensive, and varied views to be seen in this or any other country.

The Museum, of a semi-elliptical form, has a fine appearance, as have many other of the public buildings; but lest I should repeat what I have formerly said about them, I will at once conclude this epistle.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

Voyage to New York — Astor House Hotel — Letters useful in Various Ways — Departure from Albany — Troy Steamer — Alarm that Fanny Elsler was on Board — Russian Lady and Political Arm-chair — Whigs and Democrats — A Zealous Loco-foco — Meeting of Van Burenites and Consumption of Pickled Oysters — Steam-vessels — Miniature Town — Meeting with Friends — All Events regulated by Sound of Bell — Dinner! — American Bridegroom — Hunger masters Love — The Catskills — Military Reminiscences — Washington — St. Anthony's Nose — André — The Palisades — Praise of the Hudson.

Astor House, New York,
September 21, 1840.

My dear S——,

Here I am, at length, in this great emporium of the Western world, and on the first floor — reckoning from the clouds — of the great Astor House, which is crammed to

overflowing, as, I am told, every hotel in New York now is, in consequence of the great political crisis which is fast approaching.

I found several letters awaiting me; amongst them a large packet from my very obliging friend General Scott, whom I had hoped to have met here, and two from my kind and gallant commander, the Governor of New Brunswick. The envelopes bore the names of these formerly gallant opponents in the battle-field, but who have recently done their countries good service by their judicious and peace-preserving arrangements: and I am quite sure it was these two honoured names which induced the proprietors to receive us into their already over-crowded establishment, whilst they were forced to close the doors against many who had accompanied us from the steamer.

Well! after the ringing of various bells, the making of various inquiries, and the looking through various lists, I was at

length handed over to an amiable "help," who landed me, breathless and bewildered, in this eleventh heaven, from whence I am now going to report to you my proceedings during the day.

Be it known to you, then, that this morning I bade adieu to Albany and its Congress Hotel; and, by the assistance of two or three rawboned Irish waiters, who had not been long enough out of their own country to spurn the European ceremony of tipping, we had ourselves and our baggage, precisely at seven o'clock, placed on board a floating palace, yclept The Troy, at the very moment she was majestically leaving the quay. This splendid new steamer is twenty feet longer than the British Queen, being 294 feet from stem to stern; and in her magnificent cabins you can walk a length of seventy paces; and the 'tween-decks is high enough for Fanny Elssler's highest leap, and the most superlative jumper might

exhibit without the risk of breaking his skull.

Talking of the adored Fanny, it was first mysteriously whispered, and then proudly proclaimed, that she was on board; but, to the unspeakable disappointment of all the young gallants, and, I may add, the old ones too, this proved not to be the case. The report originated in a highly-dressed, well-shaped, very foreign-faced lady, being mistaken for her; but, alas! alas! this personage was at length discovered to be only the Frenchified-looking wife of a captain in the Russian navy, who is now residing at New York, for the purpose of superintending the building of a steam frigate for the Emperor Nicholas.

There was a tremendous rush made to view the supposed *Sauteuse*, and when it came to my turn to gaze on her, she was quietly sitting on a wonderful chair, brought from General Harrison's country, and going

to be exhibited at New York. It was a very large arm-chair, formed of the rough, unpeeled, or unpolished branches of the Ohio *buck-eye*. So, whilst the unconscious Dame Russe was enjoying her loll on this rude structure, and listening to a recital of its history, the uses to be made of it, and the thousands of proselytes it would gain to the Whig cause, she little imagined that she, and not it, was the object of such universal admiration.

Perhaps I ought to inform you that the two great political parties in America are called Whigs and Democrats; the Whigs being the Conservatives, or high Tory party, the Democrats, the liberal or revolutionary. I hope I shall contrive to steer clear of politics, now that I am approaching the very centre of the political caldron, which seems already to be boiling over in anticipation of the Presidential election. I trust I may escape unscalded; but this day,

during our voyage, an old gentleman, an Uncle Toby sort of personage, got me by the button-hole, and I was obliged to listen to a long yarn about General Harrison and Colonel Grogan, untenable posts, interminable forests, savage Indians, the attack and defence of Sandusky, &c. &c., every one of which subjects lost me a dozen beautiful views on the splendid Hudson.

My chatty friend informed me, also, that the very ship we were on board had, a few days previously, carried from Troy and Albany to Ploughkeepsie (a place of considerable note, where the first New York Convention assembled in 1788, and which now sends several whale ships to sea) no less a number than 2600 Loco-focos!!

Here 's combustible matter enough, at least to set the Thames on fire, if not the Hudson: and my informant further apprised me, that on the same occasion a party, of whom he was one, had devoured

eighteen barrels of pickled oysters in the space of two hours!—no doubt with intent to whet their political appetites, it having been a grand convocation of Van Burenites, several of whom pointed out to me, as a matter of great interest, the birth-place of their chief, as we glided past Render Nook, the great centre of Loco-focoism in these parts.

In these steam ships, or steam towns rather, one encounters all the world. I met General Porter's aide-de-camp and his lady, from the Falls, a friend from Buffalo, another from Boston, Mr. W——, the nephew of an admiral in our service, and a brother officer from the Havannah. The promenade absolutely resembled Regent Street on a fine day; and when the cabins were lighted up, which they were in consequence of an accident having delayed us in getting along side the wharf, you were reminded of a gala night at Vauxhall.

The run from Albany to New York is 140 miles, and this vessel generally performs it in about eight hours and a half. A bellman runs about the huge ark, warning passengers of coming events. For instance:—Ting, ting, ting! "Passengers are desired to attend at the office to pay their fares!" Ting, ting, ting! "Passengers inclined to purchase meal-tickets must immediately provide themselves!" This summons was promptly attended to, the keen morning air having miraculously sharpened their appetites, and the "meal-ticket officers" were beset on all sides. Then came the most important ting, ting, ting, of all; and troops of hungry men, women, and children, rushed down the several staircases, and, after struggling, crowding, and jostling, round the amply covered tables, at length between two and three hundred well-dressed men and women arranged themselves in order of battle in

the state cabin; and—oh, ye gods!—what a clattering of plates, what a jingling of glasses, what a din of knives and forks, and what a scramble for food, then took place!

I sat directly opposite a newly-married pair. The bridegroom had, during the morning, been all fondness and attention, but the sight and smell of the viands changed at once the current of his feelings. What a knife and fork the fellow played! He was a perfect cormorant for fish, helping himself to every particle within his reach, and bellowing for more when that had disappeared.

Now, being a lover of the finny race myself, I became rather nettled at this exclusive proceeding of his, and ventured to give him a civil hint or two upon the subject, in the shape of congratulations, as to the astonishing effects of the lake breezes upon his appetite. He winked his eye at

me good-humouredly, as much as to say he understood what I meant, but continued to clear the dishes as fast as ever. When at length tired nature could no farther go, he very deliberately turned round to his fair bride, and resumed his billing and cooing, in a matter-of-fact, straight-forward manner, that diverted me excessively.

About forty miles below Albany we passed Catskill, a village at which you can land and take coach, should you be desirous of visiting the mountains of that name. The wind was high and bitterly cold, so I contented myself with a distant view of them, but it was a superb one. The Catskills are a continuation of the Alleghanies. The summit of the highest is 3019 feet above the level of the Hudson. I recollected reading Leatherstocking's description of them in the "Pioneers," and I must admit that the scenery about and behind the flourishing town of Hudson is very fine; and Athens,

on the opposite bank, is seen to great advantage, as these mountains form a magnificent background to the picture.

Now don't be alarmed, my dear friend, for I am not going to surfeit you with all the beautiful and picturesque views I have seen on this noble river, which, by the bye, the Americans generally denominate the North one. But, as a military man, I cannot let you off without enumerating some of the spots rendered famous, or infamous, by the events of former times. Columbus Point, for instance, which General Vaughan reached when he made the attempt to get to Albany to succour Burgoyne, was an object of interest to me; and still more so was the old stone house which you see after passing Ploughkeepsie, and which the great Washington occupied close to Newburgh as his head-quarters, and where the celebrated Newburgh letters were concocted.

West Point, Fort Putnam, and Kosci-

usko's Monument, all give rise to vivid recollections of the olden time; but ten times more than all the rest, the small house where the patriotic general held his headquarters during a part of the revolutionary war; and a few miles farther on, I sighed as I beheld the site of Fort Clinton and of Fort Montgomery—I have a great respect for that name—and thought of the gallant and daring deeds which my countrymen had performed there. But, as Napoleon said, "It 's only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous;" and my historical and patriotic reveries were interrupted by a host of pretty spinsters running forward to look—oh, ye gods!—at *Saint Anthony's nose*, supposed to be depicted on one of the mountains we were passing. "Oh dear, I see it!" cries one fair American, leaning on the happy shoulder of her lover. "I guess it 's gone," says another, affecting, in her extreme curiosity, not to be aware that her inamorato

was gently and delicately pressing her jimpy waist.

I gazed, till I could gaze no longer, at the spot on which poor André was seized,—just sixty years ago to-morrow,—when returning from his conference with General Arnold. The tree, where this celebrated occurrence took place, was pointed out to us: it is a very large and lofty one, and of a species of white wood; and report says it was struck by lightning on the very day the news of General Arnold's death reached Tarryton, which was the 31st July, 1801.

We passed the sweet sequestered retreat of Washington Irving, situated on the very margin of the Hudson; and soon after the setting sun shewed us Manhatten Island, and the gorgeous city of New York in the distance.

The Palisades, which we have so often heard of, were another object of interest. They are formed by a range of basalt rocks.

Fort Lee, which is in ruins, is placed on their very brow, about three hundred feet above the level of the water.

Prolix as this letter has been, I feel I have not done justice to the beauties of the renowned Hudson. The Americans have good right to be proud of it. I have seen some *pretty considerably respectable* rivers in my time; the Thames, the Tweed, the Shannon, the Loire, the Elbe, the Weser, the Rhine, and the Danube; and I am ready to admit that the Hudson deserves a high place among them. It is one of old Neptune's most mighty and most magnificent contributors; but, according to my taste, my old friend, the St. John's River, which I left behind me in New Brunswick, has points of as great beauty as any of them.

Adieu, my dear S——.

LETTER XXXII.

NEW YORK—Refinement of American Chambermaids—Army of Waiters at the Astor House Hotel—Dinner Ceremonial—Clam Soup and American Ladies—Buildings—Conveyances—Political Ferment—Soldiers should keep clear of Politics—Boundary Question—Dr. ———Introductions.

Astor House, New York,
Sept. 22, 1840.

"A FINE, business-like place, this New York!" said I to myself this morning, when, after eating a beautiful breakfast at a beautiful table, with groups of beautiful women around it, I set out upon a voyage of discovery. But I must expatiate a little on our in-door affairs before I take you out to walk with me.

The exquisite delicacy and refinement of

the feminine battalion of servants at this hotel, which is the greatest of the great, is quite delightful and refreshing to the moral feelings. The Astor House phalanx of chambermaids will condescend to make your bed and clean your room, during the time you are at breakfast; but neither love, nor money, nor compassion either, will persuade one of these American Dianas to enter your apartment at a later period of the day.

This morning I requested one, whom I met in passing along the immense galleries in which are the dormitories, to fetch me a jug of water. She looked aghast at the request; but soon, with a smile of compassion at my ignorance, said she would tell one of the waiters to bring it. Soon after I accosted another, and, as it was very hot, requested her to remove the counterpane from my bed. She said it was morally impossible; that it would be as good as

her place was worth; but that a waiter should come and do it.

I was vastly amused with this refinement of delicacy in a class which, in other quarters of the globe, is not always characterised by an excess of it; and, to investigate the subject still further, I attacked a third young lady, whom I encountered; and asked her if she would do me the favour to sew a button on the collar of a shirt which I proffered to her. She started back from the dilapidated vestment, dangled her two hands from her wrists, looked aghast, and, uttering that universal word of American astonishment, "Lawk!" turned away, and told me she would send a man for "*the thing*."

In short, I soon found out that for a single gentleman to expect that a single chambermaid — and there are no double ones — would answer his bell, was an indecorum of the most atrocious sort.

As to the waiters, they are a little army

in themselves; and indeed the government of the Astor House establishment is essentially military in all its subdivisions, which struck me as somewhat curious in this free and enlightened land, in which every one is horrified at the bare idea of military sway, and where Van Buren is execrated for seeking to increase the standing army, and is accused of aspiring to a perpetual dictatorship.

Every thing is, I again repeat it, strictly military. You are summoned to dinner by peal of bell or stroke of gong—the latter a most ear-appalling sound; you march along in single file, halt, half-face inwards, and take up your assigned position. The field-officers of the day, *id est*, the head waiters, one at the end of each of the two enormously long tables, stand firm, fixed, and consequential; they move one pace to the front, and wave their right arm high in air, in the most decisive and fugleman-like style; upon which all, the subordinate helps, who are mar-

shalled at equal distances, and have their eyes steadily fixed upon their commanding officers, likewise step one pace to the front! Profound silence reigns around! There is an awful but brief pause of suspense, and the field-officers again wave their napkins aloft; another pace in advance is made by the entire force — the covers are uplifted, the viands displayed, and then the eager tumult of helping and being helped, and the din of knives and forks, and dishes and plates, reverberates from the lofty cieling.

Carried away by my admiration of this noble display of gastro-military precision and discipline, I have passed over in silence the less striking commencement of the dinner, when the soup is served out; but were I to pass over in silence the *soup itself*, I should be a traitor to all the better feelings of gratitude, respect, and veneration, which should throb in the heart of every human being who has been so fortunate as to taste it.

CLAM SOUP! a thrill of admiration shakes my pen as it traces the short, the unobtrusive, the humble-looking words, CLAM SOUP! My dear friend, one single tablespoonful of it is a payment in full for all the trouble of a voyage across the Atlantic; one basinful of it would recompense a man for circumnavigating the entire globe! They *say* it is made of some sort of shell-fish, some mussel which is in abundance here. I don't believe it! It must be something sent down direct from the skies, to bless and support the American ladies: and oh, my dear fellow! to see, as I did to-day, thirty or forty of the dear, fair-haired, gentle-eyed, and pale-cheeked angels, looking so excessively lovely, and eating Clam soup so excessively fast—such heaven-born food! such celestial feeders!—it is a sight, indeed! But I feel that I dare not trust myself on either of the two subjects, still less on the two subjects combined. Come and behold! come and eat!

In the meantime you are to understand that the same ceremonial is continued throughout the dinner: the second course and the dessert are administered to you with equal military precision and formality.

As to my out-of-door adventures, I can assure you the day has been made the most of. We have examined many of the public buildings, which are splendid and judiciously constructed; and have promenaded up and down the celebrated *Broad Way*, where all the fashion and beauty of New York are to be seen at stated hours of the day. The facility of sight-seeing here is very great. Omnibuses and other public carriages are plying in all directions; their drivers as false knaves in their demands as London cabmen; *steam-bridges* connect Brooklyne, Hockboken, and the adjacent islands with the principal one, on which New York is situated.

Power played at the Park Theatre, which is directly opposite the Astor House; both

it and Niblos Gardens seem to be greatly in vogue. In short, in this bustling metropolis, business begins early and pleasure ends late.

The weather is still hotter here than it was at Boston; and consequently the consumption of sherry coblers and mint-juleps is marvellously great.

It would be impossible to convey to you an idea of the noise, the bustle, the continued out-going and in-coming that take place in this vast, busy, brimful, well-regulated barrack of an hotel, which is the very focus and hot-bed of Harrisonism: the hundreds of persons constantly promenading in its passages, drinking or sucking at its bars, or smoking and spitting in its lobbies!—all, all red-hot politicians, ready to devour every morsel of intelligence as it arrives from the different states or from the numerous committees now sitting in various parts of this, to me, apparently insane city,

where I am told seventy different newspapers are published. I have already had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of one or two clever, intelligent, and communicative men in that department of the press; and I have been in my turn pumped about politics, and, above every thing else, about this *Black Bottle affair*, the London papers having just reached us, brimful of the business. On such subjects the least said is the soonest mended. In the Grass Greens, the President of the Mess Committee manages all such *important* affairs.

As to political discussion, my humble opinion has always been, and I have ever endeavoured to act up to it, that soldiers, and more especially subordinate ones, like myself, have nothing to do with it. The New Brunswick Boundary question is the only one with which I ever pestered myself. When I was ordered to the disputed frontier, I thought it my duty to endeavour to

make myself master of the subject in all its bearings. I read all the books I could procure, as well those written by Americans as by New Brunswickers. I read the Treaty, and the comments on it, and likewise all published despatches on the subject. I conversed with all the oldest inhabitants, whilst I was in the Upper St. John's, and obtained from them much important local information. But as my duties did not call on me for a display of this *accumulated wisdom*, I have kept it all to myself; nor will I now inflict it upon you. One thing is quite clear, that if England has any wish to settle this intricate and protracted question, she could never do it better than whilst we have in North America the most splendid and efficient little army that was ever sent into the field: and good would come out of evil, if the Canadian rebellion led to the settlement of the Boundary Question.

I sat to-day at dinner next to a very

clever, intelligent, and agreeable personage, with a pale face and a Grecian countenance — as all deep thinkers ought to have — who seemed perfectly aware of who I was, and of the part I had acted in this matter; for he adroitly led the conversation to the subject, and assured me of the strong desire that pervaded the Union for a speedy and amicable adjustment of it. He talked well on this, as he did on a variety of other subjects; had travelled a great deal in Europe, and spoke with fluency French, German, and Italian; was a violent Whig, a devoted Harrisonian; and knew every body and every thing.

I soon found out that my new friend was a celebrated physician of New York, who had written much and well on the subject of yellow fever, and who was now employing all his skill and talents in restoring his country to a healthy state, by placing his friend General Harrison at the head of it.

During the evening he introduced me to numerous political personages, who in their turn presented me to others; and I was handed about from one to another as "Colonel Maxwell of the British Army;" "Colonel Maxwell who commanded on the disputed frontier;" "Colonel Maxwell of the 36th Regiment;" until I had increased the circle of my acquaintance very considerably beyond the powers of my memory. In short, to my great astonishment, I suddenly found myself the lion of the night, in which glorious character I will take my leave of you, and retire to my lair.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXIII.

Naval and Military Servants of America — Veneration for the Mother Country — Governor's Island — Fortification of New York — Rivers — Population — Recruits for the Floridas — Vertù and Champagne — Navy Yard — Vessels of War — Steam Frigates — Naval Officers — General Miller — Dinner at the Gentlemen's Table — Politics and Cigars — Puddles of Saliva — Sufferings of the Ladies — New York at Night.

Astor House, New York,
September 22, 1840.

My dear S——,

I have spent the greater part of this day in the company of the naval and military servants of America; and it has been one of great satisfaction to me, for I love the study of men and manners; and, although you will accuse me, perhaps, of the *couleur de rose* mania, I will stick to my

assertion, that our cousins, the Yankees, are a race of fine fellows, and worthy of the stock from which they sprung, and which they still love and venerate. It delights me to see the old veterans here, when their blood has been warmed by talking of the mother country and its brilliant exploits; and again and again have they enthusiastically assured me that, as the offspring of England, they rejoice in her renown; and that they remember the days when every true-hearted American exulted in the glories of a Nelson, and mourned his death; and that it is their pride and boast that they can claim to participate in the fame which a Wellington has shed over his country.

This morning, a young artillery officer, Lieutenant Hill, whose acquaintance we had made on the previous day at the ladies' ordinary, called on us by appointment; and we strolled down Broadway to Battery-Garden Point; enlisting into our party, as we

passed along, my friend General Miller, who has arrived here from Boston. I was provided with a letter from General Scott to the commanding engineer of the district, who has his head-quarters on Governor's Island. Major Smith, of the engineers, through the instrumentality of Lieutenant Hill, had sent a boat, manned by artillerymen, to convey us to the island, which is contiguous to the Battery Point, and where he received us with every kindness, attention, and hospitality.

Governor's Island is low, and within gunshot of New York. The fort on it is very old. It is a square with bastions, and has an abundance of thirty-two pounders, on traversing carriages, pointing towards the main channel. I was too polite to attempt to count them.

We walked once or twice round the ramparts, from whence the splendid *land-locked port* of New York is well seen.

This fort, with Ellis's Castle, is near the Brooklyne, or naval arsenal, side, and commands the entrance to East River, which is here about half a mile broad, and is the place where the principal part of the shipping lies, in consequence of its being less exposed than the north, or Hudson River, side, which is more than a mile wide, and where Ellis and Bedlow's Islands are situated, both fortified. But the grand defence of New York is Fort La Fayette, situated in the Narrows, and between Fort Richmond, on the Staten Island side, and Fort Hamilton, on Long Island. The Narrows, I should say, were about half way between Sandy Hook and New York, which is in all a distance of nearly eighteen miles.

The North River is navigable to the city of Hudson, a distance of 113 miles; but steamvessels run to Troy, 160 miles up the river, to which place also the tide extends its influence. New York, it is said, and I have

no doubt correctly, contains, at this day, 300,000 inhabitants, and owns about 300,000 tons of shipping, that is, a ton a man;—a very respectable quantity, is it not?

When I have informed you that there are two other points of ingress and egress to it, by Amboy and Staten Island Sound from the north, and Newhaven and Brookhaven Sound from the south, I shall have done with geography, and statistics too, and come back to matters more in my own way.

On Governor's Island, there are at present quartered about nine hundred men, principally recruits, preparing to feed the frightful clime of Florida,—that thorn in the side of America,—that grave of so many of her brave sons!

One half of these youths are at present encamped; they are very sickly, and have more than one hundred of their number in hospital. Their barrack-rooms, which we inspected, are casemated and small, and

better adapted for winter than for summer quarters.

Our inspection finished, Major Smith, an extremely agreeable, well-informed, person, gave us an intellectual treat in his barrack-room, where the inspection of some ancient manuscripts and a great many beautiful engravings was washed down with capital iced champagne,—a beverage which facilitated our studies wonderfully.

Major Smith very kindly pressed us to dine with him; but as Captain O——'s extension of leave had not arrived, he has determined to start for Boston, on his way to St. John's, to-morrow; consequently he could not accept the invitation, and Major B—— and myself did not like to quit him.

Major Smith ordered his own barge to be manned, and took us across to visit the navy yard at Brooklyne, where we saw the Old Franklyn and Washington both comfortably housed, and went on board the steam frigate

Fulton. Her commander, Captain Newton, and the rest of her officers, received us most politely. We were shewn every part of this fine vessel, and I minutely examined her hollow shot, and the manner of securing it, which seemed admirable.

From the Fulton we went on board another steam frigate which is now building. A great number of hands were at work upon her, and it is supposed she will be launched about the end of November, and that Captain Perry will be appointed to command her. She is strongly built, with inclined planes for her pistons to work on, and will mount twenty guns.

I ought to have told you that, whilst on board the Fulton, we were introduced to a fine, good-humoured, hard-o'-weather-looking chap, Commodore Kenshaw, the commissioner of the yard, as well as to Captains Paulding and Sands, all three of them pleasing, open-hearted, frank sailors, each striv-

ing to kill us with kindness. But we resisted their invitations, and returned to our hotel. The Fulton got under way soon after we left her.

Modesty and merit are very generally combined. I had some difficulty in persuading my friend General Miller to accompany us. The reason became obvious; he was recognised and hailed by every one as the hero of South America. Almost all the officers we met knew him by fame; two of them had been eye-witnesses of his deeds, and recounted to us some brilliant anecdotes of him.

In consequence of getting to our hotel late, we dined at the gentlemen's table; the ladies' dinner hour being three, the gentlemen's half-past; and I was struck with the change. It was like a pack of hounds without their whippers, &c. Woman, lovely woman! whether ye feed fast or slow, ye are still our better angels, and keep us tranquil

and well behaved! The masculine masticating party amounted to nearly two hundred; and conventional forms were a good deal set at defiance. I found none of the water-drinking system I had so much admired in the provincial towns.

The rattling of knives and forks, the changing of plates, the loud political gabble which was going on universally when the well-filled mouths rendered utterance possible, combined with the numerous discharges of champagne corks, gave the scene the appearance of a well-contested battle-field. This over, an admirable dessert was produced, and cigars were whiffed, to assist digestion: groups were formed, coffee handed round, and politics renewed. There was to-day no *bolting* after dinner, whatever there might have been at it; and for once "il Signor Stomaco" was allowed to have fair play.

I can only account for this departure from

the usual system, by supposing that the guests at the Astor House are at this particular period congregated for political purposes, and, consequently, that they consider that sitting still after dinner is as advantageous a mode of traffic in this commodity as walking up and down the passages and corridors of this huge barrack, which they have been doing all the rest of the day.

This afternoon my two friends, who are much more fastidious than I am, pointed out to me *puddles of saliva*, as they had often done before. "Well, I admit it," said I; "but I did not come here to pick holes in other people's jackets. Let us put our own house in order before we meddle with our neighbour's." There was a good laugh when I seriously added, that I pitied more than I blamed them. My first impression was, that the whole male population of America was under a course of mercury for an universal liver complaint, brought on from bolting

their food, and that—poor fellows!—they were all in a state of salivation!

The thing is horrid, there is no denying it: I positively have seen ladies go round to avoid lakes of saliva, or with their dainty feet, step across them, assisted by a gentleman in the same way as he would have assisted a fair friend over a dirty gutter in the street!

I have had a long stroll this evening through this well-lighted, gay-looking city; where the regularity of the streets makes it next to impossible for a stranger to lose his way. Broadway, which is upwards of three miles long, divides the town; and, if you wander out of your way, Manhathen Island is not very broad, and you have a river to bring you up on each side, the city being built at the confluence of the East River and the magnificent Hudson.

Adieu, for the present.

LETTER XXXIV.

Breakfast at the Ladies' Table—Early Habits of American Beauties—Albany; its Population and Extent—Major H—— of Kentucky—State of New Orleans—Diversity of Climate in the Union—Internal Arrangements of the Astor House Hotel—Visits and Introductions—Dr. T——, his Work on the Non-Contagion Theory—His Political Theory—Patriotic Orations—List of New Acquaintances.

Astor House, New York,
September 23, 1840.

My dear S——,

As I was finishing my toilette this morning, my friend O—— entered my chamber to ask me, as it was his last morning at New York, if I would accompany him to the ladies' breakfast-room. To this I readily consented, and we accordingly

descended to their saloon, a very handsome apartment; where idlers, having the *entrée*, may lounge during the day, occasionally hearing soft music, and constantly seeing pretty faces. Some very pretty ones were already assembled waiting the gong's deafening signal.

The American beauties are no slatterns, and parade to breakfast gracefully attired, with smiling countenances, white hands, nails delicately attended to, nicely braided hair, tightly laced, and well shod. In other places they do this at the unseemly hour of seven; but here in the metropolis, they take a little more time about it, and sip their tea, with the concomitant substantialities, at half-past eight, about three or four hours earlier than a French or Italian lady can venture to shew herself.

As I have just spoken of New York as being the *metropolis*, I will here take the liberty of informing you that Albany is the

capital of the State of York; which comprises fifty-six counties, and contains upwards of two million inhabitants; and has a militia force—I have already described *the three days' turn-out*—of just 169,225 men!

Albany is the city where the provincial parliament meets, and is distant from this place, by the Hudson, 145 miles; and from the Niagara frontier—that is to say, the line from Buffalo on Lake Erie to Lake Ontario—about 290 miles; thus making the whole distance from this great mercantile mart to our Canadian line, 435 miles, all in the said State of York.

I had to-day an interesting conversation with a Major H—— from Kentucky, who informed me, amongst other things, that New Orleans—whither he is now bound to continue the canvass he has hitherto been making with great success for General Harrison—has ten thousand miles of navigable

water! with a disposable fleet of six hundred steamers, each averaging four hundred tons, and making six voyages from that port annually! thus making the exports of New Orleans three-fourths of those of the whole Union.

Believe, my dear fellow, just as much or as little of this magnificent statement as you please. I may not have correctly understood my Kentuckian friend, the little major, or he may have been mystifying me. He is a clever, vivacious, and good-looking fellow, a great politician, a burning red-hot Harrisonite, and put me much in mind of a talented little captain of political and pistol celebrity in England.

One thing is certain, that in a few years, with the rapid progress that rail communication is making in this get-along country, every American, who has the means of travelling, will be able to cheat the seasons, and to change a civilised for a savage life

without leaving his native land. After enjoying himself in the civilised and social East, he may flutter his wings and be off to the wild West; when he has had enough of the cold North, he may start for the genial South, and bask in the eternal sunshine of New Orleans, which even now is a fashionable winter residence.

I have already touched on the domestic manœuvres exhibited by the aids and helps appertaining to this large and most martially arranged establishment. To-day I had the curiosity to inquire their number, and I have received a list—one hundred and three males and sixty-five females are employed! Mr. Stetson, the director and driller of them, has promised that I shall be admitted —although against rule—at one of their field-days. They parade for exercise daily at two P.M., and are drilled as regularly as I drill my regiment. Why, in some of the small states in Italy, so formidable a display

would be a cause of alarm to the government, and, most likely, the legislature would command the house to be shut up for fear of the consequences. I have seen to-day little of the city, having spent the greater part of the morning in paying, and receiving visits.

At the ladies' dinner-table, I again had the good fortune to espy the pallid but intellectual physiognomy of my friend the physician; and after dinner I had another very long and very interesting conversation with him, the ceremony still proceeding of his presenting me to all the distinguished men of the Union as they fell in our way.

Dr. T—— has written much and ably upon yellow fever, and on the non-contagion theory, of which he is a strenuous supporter; and I was able to give him some strong proofs, in confirmation of his doctrine, from my own experience whilst I was quartered in the West Indies, and which he requested

I would commit to paper. In return he has promised to give me, in writing, the substance of a most edifying conversation I have had with him this evening, and in which he rapidly and ably discussed the first settlement of this country, its climate, the temperament of its inhabitants, its Anglo-Saxon blood, its good feeling towards its original father-land, and the strong aristocratic feelings that prevail as to birth and descent. All this, interlarded and spiced with occasional out-breaks against Van Buren and his party; for every thing and every body at this moment receive a political tinge. The aristocracy of wealth, he assured me, is altogether subordinate to the aristocracy of blood; and a mania pervades all classes to trace their pedigree to the mother country.

By this time we had collected a host of Harrisonians around us, all breathing peace and good-will towards England. One and

all assured me that every good man and true, that is to say, every stanch Whig, was anxious to preserve peace with Great Britain; and towards me they all certainly evinced the most friendly disposition, in consequence of the pacific part I had acted during the Aristook feud, as they were pleased to term it.

I again repeated what I have often before said: that we are from the same stem, and America may be said to have been a wayward child that has pushed its fortune in another hemisphere, where it has shewn courage and perseverance, and made itself rich and independent; and that we should be senseless and narrow-minded were we not proud to acknowledge our consanguinity. "To be sure," I added, "when feuds and bickerings break out in families, they are more furious and more lasting than other quarrels; but, gentlemen, when the *turn* comes, and I feel assured it is close at hand,

on both sides of the Atlantic, the bonds of good fellowship and amity will become more firmly knit than ever."

Hereupon one of my surrounding friends seized me by the hand, and said, "Colonel, we are the younger sister of England, and ranged by her side, as we ever wish to be, we could conquer the whole world!" Another started up and repeated, "We speak the same language, and it will one day or another be the only one known throughout the universal world; and we'll take care it goes westward!" Thinks I, what would the Spanish dons in the South say to all this —

"Los peces mayores se tragan los menores."

"Yes, gentlemen," I replied, "if the Star of England should, in the revolution of ages and of empires, ever set in the East—God forbid it ever should—it will continue to burn long and brightly in the West. Let

us only banish that mutual jealousy which has been long engendered, and has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. I myself was nursed and brought up to look upon you as nothing better than lucky rebels; and I came to this country prejudiced against the blood of my father-land: and, as I have ventured to tell the men I have conversed with—nay the women too—I thought before I landed on your shores, that I was coming amongst a parcel of uncouth, uncultivated savages!" Here roars of good-humoured laughter and applause interrupted me; and "What do you think of us now?" was exclaimed from all quarters.

"What do I think of you now?' Why, that personal observation and other circumstances have made me (as I hope it will millions of my countrymen) change my tune. And I prophesy that America and England must and will be firm, steady, and close

friends; and that the feelings of national pride, national industry, national independence, liberal institutions, international commerce, and enlightened minds, must make us respect and love each other; besides being drawn together both by birth and by language."

I added, "I admire France, I love Italy, and I could willingly end my days, if necessary, in Germany,—in all of which countries I have spent many years,—I glory in England, Scotland is my own, my native land; but my visit to the United States has filled me with astonishment and enlarged my mind, and most heartily do I rejoice that I came here to judge for myself."

Now, I 'calculate,' you will be sufficiently sick of 'what I said,' and 'what they said,' and so on, voting it, I have no doubt, an egotistical rhodomontade; but, my dear fellow, if, as I wish to do, I am to draw for you the picture of the impressions made

on my mind, I must work with the colours I have, and dip my brushes into my own heart, or I can never bring the panoramic view of this extraordinary people before you, as vividly and as truly as I wish to do.

Among the host of introductions that I have gone through this day (and a severe ordeal it has been for the memory) I shall set down some of the names, selecting those that made the most impression upon me from their talents and position in society. Mr. E. Curtis, member of Congress; Mr. Dickson, of Rhode Island; Major Hice, of Kentucky; General Starkweather; Major Zebb, Ohio; Judge M'Clean; Mr. Auchinloss, &c. &c.

Adieu for the night.

LETTER XXXV.

Boundary Question — The Writer's View of it — Introduction to Daniel Webster — His Person and Manners — His Zeal in the Harrisonian Cause — His Opinion of the New Brunswick Affair — Delays are Dangerous — Political Arena at the Astor House — Probable Success of General Harrison — Dr. T——'s Treatise on Yellow Fever — Broadway and the Ladies — Letter to General Scott — Dandy Bar-keeper — Concert at Dr. Wainwright's — Clerical Hairdressing — Tracing of Descents from the Old Country — Wealth Second to Lineage.

Astor House, New York,
Sept. 24, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

I HAVE been, as you will easily imagine, not a little assailed and interrogated on the subject of the Boundary Question. When thus attacked, I always tell them — and I can assure you that my hearers and ques-

tioners generally admit the truth of my assertion — that the framers of the treaty of '83 must have been either bunglers or blackguards, for surely it never could have been contemplated, when we were giving up so large a tract of country on the great Continent of America, to the former subjects of England, for the sake of peace and quietness, that we meant to cut off the communications between the comparatively small portion which we retained for ourselves. I allude to our direct line of intercourse between Lower Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, by the Madawaska settlement, and the Lake of Tamisquata, &c.

I this day had the honour of being presented, by Mr. E. Curtis, to the great Daniel Webster, in one of the long passages of this hotel, of which the great Dan is an inmate; he received me most graciously, as he also did my friend Major

B——, and invited us to his room, where he introduced us to Mrs. Webster. Our fellow-traveller, Capt. O——, had by this time started for Boston, the long-looked-for leave not having arrived. Had he remained, I could have favoured you with a sketch of the American (*not the Irish*) Dan's head.

His eye, his forehead, his black matted hair, and olive complexion, reminded me somewhat of the impression made on me by Napoleon. He seemed to be in bad health, was labouring under a violent cold, and absolutely in a state of exhaustion, brought on by his great political exertions in favour of General Harrison. He is now doing duty as a regular itinerant orator, in favour of that party, and is to be delivered of a speech to the inhabitants of this city on Tuesday, the 29th instant, at the Merchants' Hall, in Wall Street; I have, therefore, put off my intended departure for Philadelphia, for the express

purpose of hearing him. I have also been pressed by Judge M'Clean and Mr. Auchinloss to be present at some good speaking to-morrow on board the British Queen, where the wits of America are to be congregated.

I had a long conversation with Mr. Webster about the Boundary Question; the grist of what he said was, that he considered all the additional surveys of the disputed territory needless and procrastinating; and when I alluded to the argument I have just stated to you, regarding our communications, he replied that "the whole of the business ought to be arranged and set at rest as amicably and with the same ease as two country gentlemen would settle any question regarding contiguous property, and so adjusting their *marches*"—this was the term he used—"as would be most useful to each other—a fair exchange being no robbery."

Now, mark me, my dear friend. Do not

think that I am led away by all this fine talk. I know well how differently and determinedly he spoke in Congress. Nor am I beguiled by all the fine speeches which have been perpetually made to me since I have been here, that as long as their national honour is not touched, the Union will never go to war with England for a few dirty acres claimed by the state of Maine, never! that they are five-and-twenty States to one against her; that the subject is comparatively of no importance; and so forth. We of the old country have, all of us, been brought up a great deal too much in the belief that the Yankees are proverbially deceitful. I do not think that they are a grain more so than other people; and I firmly believe that all that was said to me was truly meant, and came from the heart at the moment. But they are very fickle, and very proud, and very irritable, and the first political wind that gets up

may blow away all these fine determinations of equity and liberality.

Mr. Webster talked of his visit to England in a manner which proved that he had been much pleased with it; he also discussed a very interesting subject, the new route to Southern Australia, *viâ* this great Continent; and we retired much pleased with our reception.

On descending to the political arena, I again heard the fervent declaration made by these conservative Whigs—and no other creed durst shew its nose in this Harrisonian hot-house! — "that the moment the battle's won—which they all declare it is sure to be—and the old General seizes the helm of the state, a new system will be developed, having for its object peace and perpetual union with England!!!"

Now, when I reflect that the whole of the mercantile interest—which in this country is by far the most important of all—has

risen up, as one man, to support General Harrison, I cannot but think that his election is secure. But, still knowing how many *Artful Dodgers* there are in all political parties, I prudently limit my assertions to the safe old adage, "Time will shew."

This morning my medical friend presented to me his clever treatise on yellow fever, a work which, from the glance I have given it, I should think must be of great value; and I handed to him in return a few crude memoranda of my own observations on the subject. This very unequal exchange being concluded, I again strolled about this great city; in which, start in whatever direction you will, you are insensibly attracted to Broadway, which, at certain fashionable hours of the day, is sure to be crowded with fair faces under small bonnets, with long Vandyke waists, well-turned ankles and small feet, gallanted by troops of juvenile dandies, all of whom have

beards that would do honour to a race of Jews.

The shops are splendid; and there are theatres, museums, statues, paintings, and other exhibitions in abundance; but I find that my energy as a sight-seer has greatly diminished.

My first intention, as I believe I have already told you, was to start westward to-morrow, on my way to Washington. Such having been my resolve, I this morning wrote a letter to General Scott, thanking him for his great attention to us, and acquainting him with the important advantages which had resulted to us from the numerous letters of introduction with which he had furnished me. This epistle I left for him at the American Hotel, handing it to a most dandified bar-keeper, who scarcely condescended, in the midst of his numerous avocations, to take it out of my hand. He appeared to be sipping coffee, reading the papers, count-

ing money, and curling his hair with his richly ringed fingers. Now as the establishment over which this fine gentleman presides is not the General's usual house of call when he visits New York, he having been compelled to go to it from the want of accommodation at the Astor, I have some fears that my letter may never reach him; and after his great kindness and manifold attentions to us, I should be excessively annoyed were I to appear wanting in gratitude towards him; but there was no help for it, and I must trust to the memory of the *be-ringed* bar-keeper.

I am absolutely overwhelmed with engagements; and there are so many kind friends anxious to take me here and there and every where, that I scarcely know which way to turn. I received a pressing invitation to go on board a splendid line-of-battle ship now lying in the roadstead, the North Carolina, where there was to be a party this

evening; but I had previously engaged myself to a musical party, given by my kind friend Dr. Wainwright: and a most delightful party it has proved. Thalberg's music seemed in vogue; and, as Dr. Wainwright remarked, whatever is the rage in London is sure to be the rage here.

A Pole, by name Kosuski, commenced the fight with a very difficult piece in a very difficult style. The object of the composer seemed to have been to banish all pleasing sounds, by cramming so many notes and so many and such various effects together, that you could not distinguish which was which.

He was followed by two very handsome and very accomplished young ladies, the Misses G——, whose powerful execution and happy touch must have driven the Pole into despair; for I understand he has come here in search of pupils, and these fair ladies proved that he was in a land of proficients.

After a great deal of very excellent music, but not extended too far as is very often the case, a charming *petit souper* brought up the rear, arranged in a style which would have done no discredit to a fashionable party in London; and the excellent viands were washed down with *first-rate* iced champagne.

General Miller, Major B——, and myself walked home with the Rev. Mr. H—— and his family: he is a celebrated preacher, but I must say I did not admire the cut of his jib; his locks were plastered down in form puritanical, and to his chin was attached a large tuft of hair; but these are trifles light as hair, or air, which you will; and though I was a little out of temper with the hair-dressing system of Dr. Wainwright's reverend friend, the doctor himself and all his family are most delightful people.

I am now to-bed; but whether to sleep is doubtful; for I am forced by the heat to have my windows open: they are exactly

opposite the Park Theatre, and the rattling of coaches, the racketting and roaring, reminded me of Drury Lane during the days of King Kean.

It is lucky for you that I have not as yet taken to writing in bed; or you would certainly be favoured to-night with a long disquisition about the extraordinary race of people I am among.

I have never read any modern travels in this country, consequently, except by hearsay, I have no notion of what may be the opinions of others better informed than myself; but this I know, that *all*, absolutely ALL, as if it were a mania lately and spontaneously sprung up, have either been recounting to me the deeds of their ancestors, as connected with the mother country, or claiming and proving a direct descent from her. All-republican as they believe themselves to be, I consider them the proudest and most aristocratic people I ever beheld;

detesting and turning up their noses at what they consider and stigmatise as *parvenu* and plebeian. No coterie of old maids ever scrutinised birth, parentage, and pretensions more fastidiously than do the Americans. Wealth is eagerly sought for by them, perhaps *more* eagerly than in many other countries, and great respect is shewn to it occasionally, but it has no chance against descent —no, not the least.

The theatrical din subsides; and I will let you off for the present.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

American Love of Speech-making — Politics — Party on Board the British Queen Steamer — Mr. Le Gare — Introductions — The British Queen — Captain Roberts — Presents received by him — Tribute of Respect to England — Lunch in the State Cabin — Eloquent Speech by Mr. Le Gare — Other Orations — Captain Roberts — Respect shewn him in America — English, Irish, and Scotch Pedigrees — General Merser — The Writer called up — Efficacy of Champagne — Reiterated demonstration of regard for the old Land — Sir John Harvey and Mr. Quincy Adams — Flare-up in the Astor House Arena — Kentuckian Politeness and Brotherly Affection.

Astor House, New York,
September 25, 1840.

My dear S——,

The Americans are a marvellously speechifying nation, in doors and out of doors, on land and afloat. We have been at it to-day at a great rate. I say *we*, for I

was, most unexpectedly, and somewhat unwillingly, lugged into all the proceedings. I had been told what I was to see and whom I was to hear, but I never dreamed of becoming a performer on the occasion.

I got so little sleep from the rattling and bustle I described to you last night, that I thought I might as well indulge for once in a way, and do that laziest of all possible things,—have my breakfast in bed. On such occasions, in this well-regulated establishment, a waiter is told off on purpose for the especial duty of attending upon the sick and lazy. I was admirably served,—better than I deserved, you will say; and when I descended it was nearly mid-day, which is the hour of 'Change at the Astor,—that is to say, the time when people come from all parts of the city to give and take, or rather to exchange, news and opinions; and the passages and coffee-rooms are absolutely crowded to suffocation. I was soon recognised and

greeted by a host of kind friends, who told me that Judge M'Clean and Mr. Auchinloss, the great promoters of the party on board the "British Queen," were in search of me: the avowed object of the party being to inspect her machinery and accommodations; but the real one, to eat, drink, and speechify; at all three of which amusements the Americans are great adepts.

A Mr. Le Garé, of South Carolina, an eminent man, a first-rate author, and a splendid orator, was the lion for the morning; and I really believe, from what took place afterwards, that he himself was the only person present who was not aware of this.

I was soon ushered into a large room, where the party was collecting, and saw a very interesting assemblage of open countenances and intellectual heads, belonging to men from every State in the Union; to all of whom I was presented in rotation.

Among the rest were young Webster, very like his talented father; Mr. Sibley, who is styled the "Lion of the West;" Mr. John Neale, of Maine, an author, an orator, and a legislator; and General Mercer, of Virginia, a very talented man and a capital speaker; and many other distinguished persons, to whom I had been previously introduced.

A great many carriages were in waiting to convey us; and we soon found ourselves on board this new wonder of the world. Captain Roberts, her commander, a thorough-going sailor, did the honours well; directing our attention to every thing which was novel in her construction, and explaining her stupendous machinery with great clearness and precision. He afterwards, with honest triumph, shewed us silver speaking-trumpets, gold snuff-boxes, diplomas, and all manner of other trophies accorded to him as having been the first to direct the powers of

steam so far across old Neptune's bosom, and thus conquering the wide barrier that had so long separated the two countries, which, during the evening, I heard repeatedly and emphatically termed "mother and daughter."

England, I should think, never before received such a flood of incense as was showered at her feet on this occasion. No son was ever prouder of the deeds of his father than America seemed to be of Old England; and I declare the exhibition of good feeling was perfect. Every spokesman alluded to their fatherland, and the great prospects opening out on this continent by its being brought closer to England by the powers of steam.

When all and every part of the noble vessel had been inspected, we assembled in the state cabin, where lunch was provided, and the champagne began to sparkle. I happened to be placed on a sofa near Mr.

Le Garé, and I heard several hints given to him that he was expected to speak: he has the look of a quiet, modest man, and evidently shrunk from the display; however, no denial would be taken, and his health was proposed and drunk with great cheering. This still would not do, until he was vociferously called for. He then spoke, and very eloquently, comparing steam to an additional Apostle of the Gospel, which would eventually be the means of bringing all religions under one church, thus collecting all stray sheep into the one fold: he also said that sooner or later the whole world would worship God in the English language.

General Starkweather spoke well; General Mercer eloquently; and little John Neale, of Maine, was repeatedly on his legs, and acquitted himself well. Captain Roberts, in a good, blunt, honest, sailor-like speech, gave us an excellent illustration of American feeling, as connected with the

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new and important events in the annals of steam navigation. He said he had lately been on a tour to Boston; and to avoid publicity, knowing the strong feeling there was towards him, had travelled under a feigned name; and never once hinted that he was the steam captain who had commenced the work of reunion between mother and child. However, by some means or other, the people of the hotel where he lodged discovered who he was; and when he asked for his bill, no entreaty could persuade the proprietors to hand it to him: and every director of a rail-road or steam-vessel, as he returned to New York, not only would not receive his fare, but actually insisted on returning those they had taken when ignorant of who he was.

Mr. Neale, also, in very neat terms, alluded to a similar instance of national feeling, which had been exhibited by the proprietors of the Astor House.

Every speech breathed kindness and respect towards England; and every man I conversed with gave me his English, Irish, or Scotch pedigree; and I ought not to omit to mention that General Mercer was eloquent on the subject of the vast and extended power of Great Britain, and of the influence and progress of the English language; and there was enthusiasm in his tone and manner when he proclaimed that the mistress of the deep, with the aid of her now-acknowledged child, would conquer the whole world.

When one least expects it, some stumbling-block starts up to interfere with our pleasures. I was enjoying myself *hugely*, lounging on a Turkish sofa, munching ship-biscuits with deliciously iced champagne, when the director of the party, Mr. Auchinloss, stepped up to me, and said in a whisper, "Colonel Maxwell, you'll be called on next." If the spheres had broken loose,

I could not have been more confounded; but I had little time for lamentation, for there was the clever little orator of Maine, John Neale, with his *curly pow*, preparing the way for my martyrdom by various complimentary allusions to the Boundary Question, which he wound up by giving "Colonel Maxwell and the British service."

Up I got, with the pleasing reflection that I was going to hold forth before some of the most eloquent men in the Union. You who know my modesty — you need not laugh — my modesty natural and acquired — ought to pity me. I know I pitied myself; but, my dear fellow, there is nothing like having once been in action; and that little *affair* of mine against the two long black rows of big-wigs and learned dons at Cambridge, which I told you of, was of incalculable benefit to me now; and I should not wonder if, in time, I preferred making a speech to being shot.

I have not the slightest intention of inflicting mine upon you. I talked away upon all manner of subjects, the champagne producing both ideas and arrangement. I contrasted the two British Queens, the reigning and the floating; adverted to the *very interesting* situation in which they both then were — I thought of a brevet as I did so; and on I went, right and left, amidst continual cheering; and when I sat down, all the cups and saucers in all the steward's rooms rattled with the intensity of the applause. A multiplicity of hand-shakings followed; and — climax of Demosthenic glory! — after I had resumed my seat, young Dan came up to me, and requested I would accompany his father to the hustings in Wall Street.

I have now heard the sentiments of so many eminent and talented persons — very many more, I can assure you, than I have enumerated to you — that I feel justified in

declaring that the feeling of respect for England, upon which I have often dwelt, is general and deeply fixed.

It is true I have not been much amongst the Loco-focos; but I conceive that Loco-focoism, if not in a dying state, is, at all events, much on the wane. However,

"La causa e sempre à colui chi parla solo;"

so I must endeavour to hear what the Van Burenites have to say for themselves and about us, before I can decide.

Mr. Graham, in the course of conversation, gave us his lineal descent from the Duke of Montrose; even Mr. Le Garé relaxed, and said that he was himself born in London, and that his mother was a Swinton. This will corroborate what I have already stated respecting the strong feeling so prevalent in this country, and which must surely have its effect in cementing a too long-dissevered chain.

Mr. Le Garé retired early, and Major B—— and myself also stole away; but the party continued on board long after we left them, speechifying and champagning at a great rate.

On my return to the Astor House I found a letter from Sir John Harvey, giving me an account of his extended command. I rejoice at this, as well as at the account he gives me of a visit paid to Fredericton by Mr. Quincey Adams, and the warm reception he met with, which I took care to communicate to those about me, to whom I was sure it would give great satisfaction, he having been one of their most respected Presidents.

In the evening I very nearly witnessed, in the passage of the Astor, an American *flare-up* between a celebrated counsellor and my little Kentuckian friend, H——, who is pepper itself. It really was the first time since I have been in this country that I have heard any thing approaching to abso-

lute *heavy* swearing. The subject was a soreness on the part of the fiery little Major that he had been left out of the "British Queen" party, and which the other tried, in the most manly and gentlemanly manner, to soften away. Peace and war hung suspended in the balance for some time; but at length a treaty of oblivion was concluded between the parties.

By the bye, I must tell you an anecdote about this said Major, which is droll enough in itself, and will illustrate to you how high political feuds now run in this country, where father and son are frequently opposed to each other, and brother to brother. The gallant Major, who is a vehement Tippecanoeite, *alias* a Harrisonian, *alias* a Whig, *alias* an American Conservative, has a brother who is a red-hot Loco-foco, a most determined democrat, and a most strenuous Van Burenite; and violent is the political feud between the two.

The Major was travelling in Kentucky on a crusade in behalf of what he holds to be the good cause, and politics, the universal and all-absorbing subject of conversation in the Union, having been started, he thus addressed the driver of the diligence, who was also a Kentuckian: "Do you know that tarnation, lying, political blackguard, down east,—that ultra Van Burenite villain, J. H——, Esq. of So-and-so? He is one of the out-and-out scoundrels of Kentucky!" To which the charioteer replied, "I guess I don't know a better man in the whole Union." On which the indignant Major, after discharging a volley of oaths, said, "Do you know his brother, the Major?" The response was, "Well, I calculate that's the man you mean; for a greater blackguard, and a more particularly d—d scoundrel, is not to be found in the States!" This was rather a *poser* for the Major, and he made no more family in-

quiries. Afterwards, however, he good-humouredly entered into the joke against himself, and he it was who related the story to us.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXVII.

Letter of Dr. T—— on the Character, Position, and Prospects of America.

Astor House, New York,
Sept. 26, 1840.

My dear S——,

Instead of a letter from myself, I will to-night give you a much better thing, a letter or essay—call it which you will—which has to-day been handed to me by my friend Dr. T——, a very clever and very amiable man, in answer to various queries I had put, as well as to numerous remarks I had ventured to make, regarding this extraordinary country.

I need offer no apology in sending you this valuable paper in lieu of a trivial epistle from myself.

Ever yours, &c.

"*Astor House, New York,*
"*Sept.* 1840.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"If language were a perfect instrument of thought, and could be compressed, like mechanical power, into a small compass, and be thus abbreviated and made portable by comprehensive symbolic signs, uttering, as in *some* of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, whole sentences or even pages, how, my dear Colonel, would I not discourse to you on paper upon those themes which ought most to absorb the minds and hearts of our two kindred races of the same parent stem! We are of the same blood, the same race and extraction, the same laws and language; for can we not say with you that—

'Chatham's language was our mother tongue,
And Wolf's great name compatriot with our own?'

"Your Shakspeare, and your Milton, and your Bruce, and Hampden, and Sydney,

and Burns, and Scott, and Moore, are ours. We boast with you of the Charta given at Runnymede, and the glory achieved over the Armada by the fleets of that Queen who reigned over .

'The islet-gem set in the silver sea.'

"What, then, can ever tear asunder those interwoven fibres of a community of sentiment, of parentage, of trophies, and of fame, which God and Nature put together?

"Our experiment of a new government is yet in its infancy. We have *pullulated* from your trunk, and have *set up shop* for ourselves, and are *fighting on our own hook*, as the straggling Yankee soldier, firing by himself on the ramparts at Yorktown, said to the officer who asked him to what regiment he belonged. It is to be seen if this government — the machinery of this *Yankee invention* — will work as well as brother Jonathan guesses and hopes it will. The

thirst of mercantile cupidity, the promised *El Dorado* and gold mines in this new world, the love of adventure, devotion to religious tenets, the desire to better our condition, impelled us to plant colonies upon the shores of this Western continent.

" We spread along a coast of 1500 miles, of excellent harbours and every variety of clime and soil, and the earliest epochs of our existence were *necessarily* laid in daring achievements of commercial enterprise and maritime discoveries. Our mother drew the rein too tight upon our even then *go-a-head* propensities, and backed by that stern spirit of independence and that resistance to restraint which we derived from and sucked in with our British blood, we continued, during near two centuries, to struggle with all the power that our colonial position would admit against the restrictions which were imposed *at home* upon our irrepressible passion for commercial pursuits. Thus be-

came we, from practical experience, intimately conversant with the exactments of the statute-book, and were obliged to study out what we deemed our rights, that we might be the better enabled to defend them. The peculiarity of our climate, its remarkable extremes and vicissitudes of temperature of hot summer suns, more broiling than those of Africa, and dreary winter snows, more terrific than those of Nova Zembla, mingled up with occasional up-rooting tornadoes or deluging torrents of rain, presented a combination of *climactic* influences so different from those of the shady, mild, and uniform seasons of our fatherland, that it is not strange that these physical agencies then began to operate, and have since brought out changes or modifications in the constitution—mental, moral, and physical—of our national character, and in the genius and temperament of our people, which have never in my mind been duly

appreciated and weighed in the parallels that have been so frequently attempted between the offspring and the parent.

"I have always considered that our climate has imprinted its image upon us, and that in our peculiarities — eccentricities, if you please — we see *mirrored* out the *kaleidoscope hues* of an ever-changing mercurial and etherial, not to say imaginative, *inventive*, and poetical temperament, for ever fluctuating and capricious, but fixed only to one form, and mould, and point, that of a religious and unalterable devotion to the preservation of our free institutions of self-government and tolerance of the rights of conscience and civil liberty.

"Our institutions and government have grown up in great part from our geographical position and commercial pursuits. Our national character is derived from these and the peculiarities of our climate, to whose *Protean* mutations Volney justly said we

never became seasoned or naturalised. To the above primary elements add our great platform of Anglo-Saxon extraction, with a *pretty considerable* sprinkling of other admixtures — Hibernico-Milesian, Gaulic, and Celtic in all their forms, and some of the daintier races of the Mediterranean shores, not to speak of *Ethiopian*, which has never been amalgamated to sufficient extent with our white purple blood (*sangre azeil*) to constitute any marked difference.

" The bulk and mass of our population, like our laws, and customs, and language, are Anglo-Saxon, and of the Teutonic and noble *Norman* root; and the *increments* which this blood is obtaining to-day in our population can only be estimated by the 50,000 to 100,000 yearly augmentations which all the far and fairer regions of the boundless fairy-land of the west are receiving direct from the nurseries, and original fountain and sources of these Anglo-

Saxon streams in Germany itself. And, let me add, that these emigrants are of the best description for *breeders* of population to a new country, being industrious mechanics and agriculturists, well to do in the world, and bringing the earnings and fruits of their industry with them, and purchasing the best of government lands for 1 $\frac{25}{100}$ dollars per acre; and settling permanently their families upon them, with the not improbable prospect that from being paupers in Europe, or rather mere 'pisantry,' that here they are the 'real grit' of the land, and their children or themselves may become *Congressmen, statesmen, ambassadors, governors*, nay, *President;* for Van Buren was a little tailor, or bar-room boy to his father's inn at Kenderhook. As I write too fast to dry my ink, I must skip every other page.

"It will be your fault, my good sir, if I take you at your word, and, having now got seated down to scribbling, if I drown you

in undecipherable goose-tracks that would puzzle the alchemy of the shrewdest antiquary in Herculaneum manuscripts to unravel the meaning of.

"To resume a favourite theme with me, the influence of climate, or other causes of a physical or moral nature on national character and human organisation.

"It is not for me to tell a veteran in her Majesty's service like you, what such a transparent and hot atmosphere as ours (more fierce in its temperature than any thing I ever experienced in the Bahamas or Cuba) will effect upon the ruddy cheeks of your perfumed England.

"You that live in that other paradise of balmy-shaded bowers, and losques, and enamelled lawns of daisies and primroses, and clustering hedges of eglantine, and woodbine, and jasmine,—do you imagine that the 'lily-roses' of your complexion will not be *imbrunated* and *ex-jaundiced* by our golden suns?

"Thus it is that we, compared with you, are Egyptian dried-up mummies, burnt to a coal, alongside of your freshness and juiciness. We are a lean, swarthy, sinewy, and lanthorn-jawed race compared with you. Our features are sharper, — I won't say *wits*, though adversity and the necessity to shift for ourselves might have made us so. Our ladies are like fragile fairy forms, with a pale, pensive expression of countenance that has the melancholy cast that belongs to thought, meditation, poetry, and sentiment.

"A languor marks both sexes, as in the West Indies; but in our country there is one national characteristic, an abhorrence of taciturnity, and a passionate frenzy for querulousness on every subject, leading too often to bitter controversial and wrangling discussions on polemics, politics, and all other subjects, resulting, also, frequently in acts of disgraceful violence and crime; the exciting causes of which are a want of due

circumspection in our speech and too great an addiction, in some portions of the population, to spirituous drinks. But, admit that the intellect, under the causes we have stated, has on this side the water gained in astuteness and energy, in elasticity and rapidity of action, what the 'human form divine' has lost in the outward harmony and contour of its graceful forms and proportions,—the heart lies right as well as the head, and while we glory in all the glories of our Anglo-Saxon parentage, we hope to advance with such strides in national power and prosperity, and in the extension of those resources which the press, and steam-power, and education give us the entire command of, that we may take rank with you on the map of the world, and that you may point to us and say that we are not unworthy of our origin.

"There cannot be other than a deep and abiding feeling of affection in our people

for England; and Fulton and Cunard's *bridges* ('The Queen,' 'Britannia,' &c.) are *abridging* the ocean-strait that alone separates us, and which, though it were ten times wider, could not, with its multitudinous seas, wash out or weaken the love we bear you and yours.

"The result will be, that when we come to shake hands across, and have a continuous highway between the two people, each will improve by the example and precepts of the other; not doubting that your older experience will continue to furnish, as it has done, the treasured fruits of your greater age and wisdom. Whether you, after the ages of experience you have had, will deem it worth while to borrow any suggestions from our mode of doing up government transactions,—whether your Fanny Wright and Socialism, and our Agrarianism, borrowed from your Spitalfields missionaries, will be submerged, drowned, and lost in the

common ocean of good feeling and interchanging sympathies, which will be widely multiplied by hourly extended and rapid intercommunication, time will shew.

"My opinion is, that both nations will be mutually benefited, and that the arts of peace and of good government, of liberal education and the *nurturing* (which Heaven grant!) of Christian feelings and high and noble enterprises, will result from this reciprocal amity, and that *steam-power*, in the same proportion that it augments the capacity of destructiveness as a weapon of war, will happily avert that calamity, and therefore promote and encourage every possible blessing and amelioration which can protect society from so great an affliction.

"The rivalry of mankind, the goal of ambition, national and individual, will be the developement of their utmost moral and intellectual energies, and the production of the greatest possible quantity or amount of

good for the greatest number,—with the *proviso*, however, that this aphorism of Jeremy Bentham must not extend to the curtailment of the rights of the minority.

"On the subject of *entailments* and of an *hereditary order of nobility* in this country, I am perfectly satisfied we never shall have them while our present form of government exists. The first *movements* that are made in this country to bring about this order of things will be made by the *novi homines* or *parvenus*,—the *scum*, in fact, whom sudden opulence, and more frequently accident or fraud and cunning, have thrown upon the surface of society. This class of people, with the exception of their wealth (no matter how ill gotten,—by swindling speculations, piracy, or other crime, involving the innocent in ruin and misery), have every thing to gain, and nothing to lose, in the matter of distinction, rank, and consideration in society. They are in our country

and amidst our people (the mass of whom are descended from respectable British or German, or Dutch and Irish ancestry), looked upon with an evil eye and great suspicion; for they are generally known by their vulgar arrogance and *pretension* every where.

"It is also evident that this class of persons would stop at nothing, neither a change of government nor civil war (if they have the courage), to produce that modification in our institutions which would enable them, as the self-styled 'architects of their own fortune,' to superadd to their wealth the parchment of an hereditary title, and the power by entailment of perpetuating the name and power of their family, and giving to it all the rights and prerogatives of a baronial or ducal dignity. These persons, therefore, being deemed by the great mass of the community perfectly selfish, reckless, and unprincipled, and destitute of every

patriotic or philanthropic feeling,—except it can ostentatiously display their own importance and add to their own consequence,—are rarely intrusted with high or responsible trusts bestowed by the hands of the people.

"A notable exception is presented in those who wear the mask, and assume the arts of demagogues, affecting to love and flatter the people, until seated in power,—those who have been duped by them find out their mistake when it is too late.

"The most prominent of these examples in our time is *Martin Van Buren*, the President of the United States, who, by a course of low intrigues and secret personal defamation of his opponents, and spaniel-like adulation of his adherents, has finally *wormed* himself into the highest office in the country. Had he risen to that exalted station by his own services to the country, in the field or elsewhere, we should have

been proud to point to him as an example of what unaided talent and merit could achieve against all the impediments of obscure and humble birth. But his whole career has been one calculated to raise a blush on all honourable minds; that a man so destitute of private or public claims should have been invested with the most exalted honour in the gift of the people! From the 'first jump' he has been a small intriguer and a parasite, that clung to every great man whose overshadowing influence he justly thought might finally drag him onward to the goal of his ambition!

"His attachment thus to the fortunes, or rather person, of the President Tompkins, during, or indeed before, the war with England; to those of Governor Dewitt Clinton, whom he secretly persecuted to death; and, finally, to those of General Jackson, whose potent arm elevated him to the Presidency, —are all illustrations of my remark. It was

only when he imagined himself firmly seated in power that it began to be found that he was not such a *passionate* idolater of the people as had been believed by those who placed him in the situation he occupied.

"It was then he threw off the mask and shewed the cloven foot, as is seen in his recommendations of the union of the purse and sword in the person of the executive of this country; and the details of which alarming and high-handed despotic schemes are fully and conclusively illustrated in the infamous *sub-treasury* and *standing-army* measures proposed by Van Buren for the adoption of Congress. Meanwhile the well-disposed citizens,—the working classes, constituting the great body of the population, had already, before the *sub-treasury* project was matured, began to feel the disastrous commercial embarrassments brought about by those *avant-couriers* (the audacious experiments on the currency) with which Van

Buren had thought to prepare the way for the better adjustment of the yoke designed for the necks of the people.

"Undismayed by remonstrances from every quarter of the country, and counting largely on the credulity and *gullibility* of that people whom he had already so successfully duped and humbugged as to induce them to make him President, he urged on and passed his sub-treasury scheme,—inoperative, fortunately, on an *empty treasury*, which he and his satellites had plundered! It was then the alarm among the people increased, and finally, upon his daring, in addition to the command of the purse, to have the insolence last winter to propose also a standing army, or *body-guard*, of 200,000 militia to enforce his edicts at the point of the bayonet, the magnitude of his treasonable designs upon the constitution and country began to be clearly understood; and thus, my dear Colonel, have you the clue to that mighty

but *bloodless* revolution, which you behold all over the land in gatherings, almost daily, of tens and hundreds of thousands of free-men, resolved to

'Lay the proud usurper low,'

and raise to the Presidency the man of the people's choice — the warrior veteran and statesman — *William Henry Harrison.*

"I have given you *Van Buren* as the *incarnation* of a petty tyrant, or would-be *autocrat* of a *Masaniello* — a hypocritical despiser at heart of the people — an insolent *parvenu*, who would rule us with a rod of iron if he could or dared, — a specimen of that heartless duplicity and moral turpitude which is

'Young Ambition's ladder;
But when he once has reached the topmost round,
Scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend.'

"In bold, and honourable, and bright contrast to this political impostor, I would

place before you *General Harrison*, whose origin, birth, life, and whole history — a proud page of self-sacrificing virtue — illustrates and expresses what I would wish to place before you as the true and legitimate embodiment — the *beau ideal* of the American character, and of the sentiments and judgments of our countrymen.

"In the almost universal acclamation with which his revered name is lauded from mountain to valley, from plain to prairie, from lake to ocean, you read the hearts of our people; and learn that they honour virtue, nobleness of character, and disinterested patriotic devotion.

"I desire to impress this upon you to prove to you that we are not yet degenerated and corrupted beyond redemption, and that money cannot bribe, nor low acts seduce us from a holy allegiance to that homage which we accord to the noblest traits of human character.

"I am now come to the point at which I wished to arrive, to shew to you that this *great moral* revolution in the country is based upon the respect which we Americans entertain for an honoured name and for patriotic services to our country. Does not this shew to you, what you did not require, that we all revere those who by a long line of virtuous and noble deeds have acquired a high rank in the community; and that we doubly respect the man who, like Harrison, has so gallantly sustained the respectability of that *patrician* Virginia family to which he belongs, and that venerated and illustrious parent who was one of the signers of our *Magna Charta* of independence?

"It is to reach this excellence—to maintain our own respectability and that of our forefathers, that we are all aiming at. And is not this a worthy pride, natural to the human breast? Do we ever find that those families who were first to risk their lives

and fortunes on these dreary shores, and who then occupied the same relative leading position that they do now, and whose sympathies and interests have ever been closely intertwined with the communities, and with the venerated mansions and homes where their fathers, and fathers' fathers, lived and were honoured; whose hearts cling to the graves of their kindred through successive generations that have sprung up since the colonial settlements — do you find ever that such families — foremost then as now as pioneers of the forlorn hope of civil and religious liberty — do you look to them to turn against their own homes, their own blood, and their own neighbours and friends, and to aid in establishing a *parvenu*, contemptible usurper like Van Buren on a throne?

"Be assured, gentle Colonel, when we desire to have a divine line of kings and an hereditary nobility, we shall not go down to

pick up a *charlatan* like him of Kenderhook. At present we are satisfied with that natural system of nobility which is inseparable from a state of society, and which exists in our country in its full force. Illustrious and honoured families on the annals of this republic never need fear that the mass of the people at large will entertain for them that respect which they deserve, and which they can only forfeit by the misconduct of those of their descendants who do not act in a manner that shews that they cherish the virtues of their ancestry.

" Washington Irving told me when he visited the family of *Pinzon*, &c. in Spain, whose ancestors were companions of Columbus, that he found them occupying precisely the same patrician relationship to the communities in which they lived, and had, indeed, ever lived, as they did at the hour they embarked on board the fleet of the renowned navigator. They are to-day

what they were then—magistrates, &c. fulfilling all the responsible functions of their towns and counties; and yet, in their *untitled* name, bearing a title in truth like your own *Bruce* and others of Scotia's mountain clans, more cherished than any that a royal signet and parchment can give.

"While, therefore, education continues to be made, as it is, part and parcel of our laws, it creates of itself an aristocracy of mind, and an elevation of moral sentiment, that will preserve and sustain on a granite foundation those social virtues and that inborn nobility of the human breast, *by* which, and *for* which alone, we all desire to live.

"We shall not dishonour our British pedigree; but, spite of the encroachments of mechanic power which would seem to design and desire to annihilate, like Satan's angels of fire, that human intelligence itself that was the god that gave it birth,—man, we trust, will yet for ages to come be gauged

and weighed by his moral attributes as well as by his intellectual conquests. The golden days of the feudal ages and of the crusades, when the traits of the heart and of moral and religious devotion, of human courage and deathless deeds of self-sacrificing chivalry, dominated over collegiate learning, printing-presses, cotton-gins, and steam-engines (then undreamed of), are not yet forgotten; and must yet be studied as models for human conduct as unspotted and untainted with blemishes as any portion of human history.

"Dear Colonel, the cup of your afflictions in perusing my scribblings must be overrunning. So adieu.

"Votre tout Devoué.

"*Col. Archibald Montgomery Maxwell,*
"*Her Majesty's 36th Reg. Inft.*"

LETTER XXXVIII.

Observance of the Sabbath at New York—Appearance of the City—Grace Church—Disappointment—Politics—More Introductions—Napoleon at Elba—Environs of New York—Irish Waiter and French *Carte*—Irishmen in Abundance—Temperance—Admonitions of Friends proved to be unnecessary.

Astor House, New York,
Sunday, September 27, 1840.

My dear S——,

The last Sabbath-day I passed, as I informed you, in the contemplation of the Almighty's wonderful works at the Falls of Niagara; this I have spent in a licentious metropolis—for where many human beings are congregated, there sin must be. Yet it is surprising with what decency and decorum the Sunday is observed in these countries.

How different from the frightfully demoralising system adopted in France, of not even ceasing from labour on this day!

Every body you meet here is well dressed, and either walking to or from a place of worship. New York has about 120 churches; many of which are very beautiful buildings, exhibiting much architectural taste.

In the morning I proceeded to Grace Church, under the supposition that I was to be again edified and delighted, as I had before been at Boston, by my friend Dr. Wainwright, as I had been informed that he was to preach. Unfortunately this was not the case; and the divine whom I did hear had some defect in his voice, which prevented my understanding what he said: he himself certainly seemed to feel what he uttered, for his gesticulations were most abundant. This was a disappointment, as I had at first intended to have gone to St. Thomas's to hear Dr. Hawkes, who was

especially recommended to me as a most eloquent divine.

At stated periods of to-day, the Astor House has been, as usual, filled to overflowing; for discussing politics is not considered Sabbath-breaking, neither do introductions cease. Amongst others, I have made the acquaintance of Mr. Sumner, Mr. Stuart, General Wightman, and Colonel Henderson, a fine old soldier who commands the United States Marine Corps: he has given us a most pressing invitation to visit him at Washington, where his head-quarters are.

Sometimes I have a *squad* at a time to encounter; and it is not easy to recollect four or five names repeated in succession; and I have nearly exhausted my breath and my brains talking to them. Napoleon is a subject of great interest with every one here, and my interview with him at Elba has stood me in good stead; and so have

the various ones I had with Murat at Naples.

To-day I paid a visit to the shady recesses of Hochboken and the romantic beauties of Weehawken, a place of duelling celebrity, where Colonel Burr and General Hamilton fought. I was sorry I had not time to visit Fort Lee and Fort Washington; and the ground where the British army fought the battle of Long Island before they captured New York in 1777. But really it is impossible to see every thing and every body.

I again met a formidable display at the *table d'hôte*, where you have some difficulty to make the Irish waiters understand what dish you wish for, the *carte* being in French, and Paddy not being perfectly *au fait* at that lingo. More than half the helps are Irish, and I verily believe that *all* the hodmen are so; and that the out-of-doors work of this city, as well as of many others in the

Union, is principally performed by the sons of St. Patrick. Let me add, that I have as yet never seen one of them drunk—thanks to Father Mathew and the contempt in which this disgusting vice is held throughout the Union; and, by the bye, let me tell you that the influence of this wonder-working Roman Catholic priest is extending beyond his own sphere of action; there is much less drunkenness in the army than there was; and I am proud to say, that the 17th of last March, St. Patrick's own day, passed without a single case of drunkenness having been reported to me.

Often and often was I told, before I started on this tour, "Oh, you like respect and attention,—you are rather sensitive,—you'll be put out every instant: the levelling system won't suit you; you'll be daily and hourly annoyed by their vulgarity and want of refinement." Now, in reply, I have only to declare, to make use of an American

phrase, "I have never yet had my dander up, my choler excited, or my bile disturbed:" I never was where I found more to like and less to quarrel with.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXIX.

Political Assemblies—Harrisonian Meeting—Daniel Webster—His Speech on the Banking System—Eloquent Conclusion of it—Contrast between the Stage in Wall Street and the Hustings at Covent Garden—Van Burenite Meeting—Mr. Hunt—Popular Topics—Political Excitement universal—The last Evening at New York—Leave-takings—Favourable Impressions.

Astor House, New York,
Sept. 28, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

THE great event in New York to-day has been the meeting in Wall Street. I believe I have already informed you that some of my numerous friends, in their anxiety that I should get a good place, had arranged that I should proceed with the committee which were to attend the great Dan to the hustings. However, a short

time previous to the meeting, it was arranged otherwise, and in my opinion very properly; young Webster coming to me to say that his father thought that it would be better for me to accompany my kind and worthy friend, Judge M'Clean, who had procured a window close to the platform, where I should be enabled to hear and see better than on the crowded hustings. The true reason, I apprehend, was that it might not seem meet for this great political prize-fighter to enter the ring backed by an English officer.

Accordingly the Major, Judge M'Clean, and myself, went early, and even then had great difficulty in forcing our way through the dense crowds occupying and pouring into Wall and William Streets, both of which front the Merchants' Exchange, where the meeting was held. I should say before the American Daniel appeared, about ten thousand people had collected, and were as com-

pactly wedged together as salted herrings would be in the precincts of Loch Fyne!

The president, vice-présidents, and secretaries formed a procession to usher the hero of this mercantile drama on to the stage, where he arrived a few minutes after two o'clock, looking very pale, and wrapped up in a huge great-coat. He *peeled*, and rose precisely at a quarter past two, amidst loud, long, and tremendous cheering. I counted eight different reporters on the hustings. I will not attempt to give you even an outline of his speech, which lasted for two hours and three quarters. The subject of it was the Banking System; and there stood Lafayette's and the National Banks both staring him in the face. Ye bulls, ye bears, ye lame ducks, ye jobbers of London and of Paris, what a treat for you had you been in my place, for I heard every word of it!

Profligacy, corruption, currency, state banks, local banks, bank aristocrats, were

words often used, with great energy and force; but still, to me, there was a dryness about the whole, although occasionally enlivened by some heavy and severe hitting at little Van Buren and his administration. A Mr. Woodbury, a Mr. Grundy, and a Mr. Silas Wright had also their share of the knock-down blows.

The applause and cheering that followed every oratorical cross-buttock, or regular floorer, were exhilarating; and towards the end of his speech he was actually sublime. He had alluded to some new-fangled doctrines lately promulgated, viz. that a man has no more right to leave his property to his children than another has to take it from them. "And now," he continued, "I wish to speak of another set of doctrines, according to which it is asserted, that one set of men, although acting in conformity to the constitution, and in obedience to the laws, cannot bind their successors; and that

all obligations that one generation may contract may be honourably and honestly rendered nugatory and be repudiated by the next."

All this, you are to understand, bore upon his plan of establishing a mixed currency, with a national responsibility; so it appeared at least to my unmercantile comprehension, and it was quite evident to me that he was working himself up for a concluding *burst*—one of those tricks of eloquence which every skilful orator prepares himself for, and looks forward to: and so it proved; for, in a deeper and more impressive tone than he had yet assumed, he exclaimed,—"But the American community of to-day will not be the community of to-morrow. The American community, when I first began to address my countrymen, was composed of individuals, tens of thousands of whom have long ere now ceased to exist; and it is composed of individuals at this

moment, millions of whom had not then commenced to breathe. Where then can be the line of separation between generations of men?

"History teaches us that although men flourish and decay, states remain through long successions of ages. The individuals who compose the community may change, as the atoms which compose our natural bodies change; but the community exists in its aggregate capacity as we exist in our natural capacity; with this exception, that for ourselves we know that we are mortal, we know there is an appointed time when all who live must die; we know not the hour when those atoms which constitute our frames shall dissolve, and we shall return to the dust from whence we sprang; but this we know, that, be our term here short or long, the love of his country will be the ruling principle in every true-born American's heart, and that her

happiness and glory will be the last aspiration which he sends up to heaven!"

Here the powerful Dan sat down, and received the greetings of his numerous friends; his cloak was thrown over him, and after a minute or two to recover himself, he departed, the air still ringing with the most deafening huzzas and cheers.

During this astonishing harangue, for such it certainly was, and I am well aware that my report of it is most imperfect, you might have heard a pin drop; silence, decorum, and attention were general throughout the assembled multitude. Nothing could possibly be stronger than the contrast between the stage in Wall Street and the hustings at Covent Garden; and when I remembered the scene which I myself had witnessed at a Westminster election, when as worthy and honourable a man as ever breathed offered himself to the people, I could not but blush for my countrymen.

On that occasion, the sound of the distinguished and gallant soldier's voice, at whose elbow I was, and who spoke for three-quarters of an hour, was never heard by me, nor by a single soul present, being drowned amidst the frightful hootings and yellings, turnip-toppings, potato-shyings, and brick-battings that ensued.

And let me tell you that in New York this day political strife and excitement have been at as high pressure as they well could be on any occasion in the metropolis of England.

I went, fatigued and hot, from Wall Street to view the great Van Buren meeting, which was held in the Park at precisely the same hour; and so near were the two assemblies, that, had the wind served, the voices of the orators of one of the parties could have been distinctly heard by the other.

I found that a large platform had been thrown out from the City Hall, while several

smaller ones had been erected under the trees; from these the democratic declaimers were laying down the law at a great rate. There were flags flying, and processions arriving, from various parts of the city, where they had been to collect the more quietly disposed citizens, and to enlist them under the Van Buren banners.

The crowd was so great that I could not get near the principal orator, a Mr. Hunt, from South Carolina; but I every now and then caught snatches of popular eloquence. I heard the well-known order of Nelson—"England expects every man to do his duty,"—applied to their own position; and the words, West Indies, Blacks, England, Washington, Duty to God, Death for our Country, Whigs, Chippawa, Lundy's Lane, General Scott, General Harrison, Niagara, and so forth, were bellowed out over and over again. The cheering and din were tremendous.

Political enthusiasm and anxiety pervade all ranks. Yesterday at dinner Judge White made me acquainted with a very agreeable and handsome woman, Mrs. Van R——, whose husband has travelled a great distance to speak in the cause of his country, which the fair dame, with all the energy of a partisan, assured me was one and the same with the cause of General Harrison; and my friend General Starkweather is off to-morrow with Mr. Rives and Mr. Le Garé to hold forth on the same side of the question at Auburn.

This is my last evening at New York, and I have just taken a farewell lounge in the political Mall of Astor House, which was more crowded than ever; kind and flattering attentions were heaped upon me, and a new succession of introductions. Among the rest were Mr. Harrison Greg Ostis, one of the conscript fathers, and "one of our first-rates," as his introducer

whispered to me, and Mr. Ogen Hoffan, another member of Congress, with whom I had a long and agreeable conversation, political of course.

Innumerable cards and invitations were handed to me, and the leave-takings have been without end. Iced sangaree was had recourse to in order to allay the ferment; and I am only allowed to depart under the promise of a speedy return.

Treated as I have been in this town, how can I be otherwise than charmed with it? To say that there is no profligacy or no intemperance going on in the largest and most populous city in the United States, would be ridiculous in the extreme; and where men congregate from all corners of the earth, it must ever be the case; but they are not here so disgustingly prominent as to be forced upon your notice, as is the case in very many European cities.

Adieu.

LETTER XL.

Burns—Battle-fields—One of Cornwallis's Veterans—Journey to Philadelphia—The Political Caldron—Daniel Webster—Tippecanoe Boys—General Harrison; his Lineage and Appearance—Rivers and Canals—A Canting Madman—Philadelphia—Buildings—Theatre—Mrs. Wood—Theatrical Disturbances.

Union Hotel, Philadelphia,
Sept. 29, 1840.

"Cornwallis fought as long 's he dought,
An' did the Buckskins claw, man!
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man!"

How often, since I have been on my travels in the Union, have I repeated these verses of my country's bard, which begin so finely—

"When Guilford good our pilot stood."

They seem to embrace the whole history of

by-gone days, and all the disasters that attended them.

This day I have passed over some of the scenes; and I fell in with a fine old fellow who had taken part in them. He pointed out where the gallant Cornwallis's army had been cantoned, at one time about Trenton and Princetown, and along the banks of the Delaware, and talked with enthusiasm of his noble bearing and gallantry. The old veteran had been at the battle of Camden, which Cornwallis fought and won; and he expatiated on our great successes in the early part of the campaign of 1781 in Virginia; and talked of Colonel Dundas's brigade, consisting of the 43d, 76th, and 80th regiments, and of their licking General Wayne; but he shook his grey locks, and spoke in a lower tone, when he discussed the disastrous capitulation at York Town and Gloucester.

But to my travels. Major B—— and

myself left the Astor House early this morning, and we soon found ourselves in the rail-road office at the bottom of Liberty Street, hustling and jostling amidst the struggle to procure tickets for Philadelphia.

We were soon steamed across the Hudson, and set on shore in New Jersey, which is situated in a long, low, and unwholesome marsh, that must produce malaria at certain seasons.

Our rail-road journey was not an agreeable one; there seemed to be a want of proper management; and we were so crowded in the cars as to be almost squeezed into mummies. All owing to the crisis, I suppose! for in the locomotive menagerie we discovered many of the oratorical animals whose roaring we had heard before.

The political caldron is fizzing, steaming, and boiling over in every direction; and the whole influential and talented world is running about in patriotic frenzy, like so

many — what shall I say? — land-whales, "spouting" in all directions; and we had no less a personage with us than the great Dan himself, snoozing in a corner with his nightcap on. He was going to Wilmington to hold forth; and thence to Richmond, in Virginia, to hold forth; and thence to — Heaven only knows where! — but certainly to hold forth, wherever it may be.

We passed through Newark and Elizabeth Town, now the head-quarters of my kind and gallant friend General Scott; through New Brunswick, Kingstown, and Princetown, where we halted; and, to our great joy (for we had been crowded to excess), disgorged a number of American students returning after the vacation to its university. At Trenton, the capital of New Jersey, where we next halted, General Mercer, and several other friends, left us on their way to another great political gathering.

I was much surprised, at one of our halting

places, to find myself suddenly surrounded by nearly a dozen athletic fellows, some jumping into the car, whilst others poked their heads in at the windows, and all vociferating the question, "Any Tippecanoe boys here? any Tippecanoe boys here?" These boisterous, good-humoured intruders were Harrisonians; and the title, as I afterwards learned, was adopted in consequence of their chief having distinguished himself at a battle of that name, near Prophet's Town, on the Wasbash, against the Winnebago Indians.

A fellow-traveller, a very intelligent man from Ohio, gave us many interesting particulars of General Harrison. He said he was now about sixty-eight years of age, and had much distinguished himself as a senator and a soldier; that he was the youngest son of Benjamin Harrison, a highly respected citizen of Virginia, who had been chairman of the committee of the whole house when the declaration of independence was finally

agreed to, and he was one of those who signed it. He is the lineal descendant, it appears, of that General Harrison who acted so conspicuous a part during our civil wars.

My informant described him as tall and slender, but of a very robust constitution, and remarkable for his temperate and abstemious habits: he added that he has a fine dark eye, full of keenness and fire, but at the same time expressive of great benevolence of character; plain, easy, and unassuming in his manner; with a generous disposition, and a mild and forgiving temper. Such is the picture of the man who bids fair to rule the destinies of the Western World.

The country we have passed through is an uninterrupted flat, richly cultivated. We crossed several small rivers, such as the Assumpick and Crosspick Creeks; and for some time we coasted along the bank of the Delaware and Raritan Canal.

At Trenton, we had to undergo the an-

noying operation of changing cars; and, on replacing myself, I found I had got into the vicinity of a ranting, canting madman,—a religious fanatic, whose whole language was one blended tissue of Scripture and blasphemy. In any other but this free and enlightened country he would have been shut up as a nuisance. New Jersey was interesting to me; for here some of my forefathers had been; and here Lord Cornwallis fortified himself in 1777; as did Washington on the Assumpick.

We crossed the Delaware at this place over a covered bridge, and passed through Bristol, Holmsburg, and Frankford, the country still continuing flat. We were pulled by horses into the suburbs of Philadelphia, which looked dirty and business-like; and soon afterwards found ourselves in the magnificent and far-stretching Chesnut Street, where we have taken up our quarters at the Union Hotel, and have just concluded

a very late but capital dinner, under the auspices of Mr. Jones, whose Anglo-Gallican *carte*, a yard in length, I enclose for your edification.

We have been strolling this evening through the really splendid city of Philadelphia. It is built on the right bank of the Delaware, and not far distant from the confluence of the Schuylkill with that river. There are many fine streets; Chesnut Street and High Street are magnificent; they are very wide, long, and perfectly straight and level. The population of Philadelphia, according to the new census, is about 240,000. After delivering my letters of introduction from General Scott to General Cadwallader, and to another resident, we looked in at the New Theatre, which is almost directly opposite our hotel, and saw Forrest perform the *Jew of Bogota*.

In the vestibule of this roomy and elegant theatre, I saw a painting of Mrs. Wood as

Amina in "La Sonnambula;" and last night by the bye, which I forgot to mention, I saw the original on her first appearance at the Park Theatre, New York, after a long absence. The house was overflowing. General Van R—— and his handsome wife kindly offered Major B—— and myself tickets; and we accordingly went. But Mrs. Van R—— would not accompany us, fearing a repetition of the disgraceful row which took place some years ago regarding Mr. Wood; who, on this occasion, was vociferously called for, but did not venture to shew himself.

There were few ladies in the house; and my *ci-devant* countrywoman looked rather vulgarly fat, and somewhat on the sear: but Time has no mercy upon any of us, and Mrs. Wood may be thankful that things are no worse with her.

Adieu.

LETTER XLI.

Praise of Philadelphia—Chesnut Street—Markets—Squares and Churches—Harrisonian and Locofoco Banners—William Penn—Fairmount Waterworks—Beautiful View—Charitable Institutions.

Union Hotel, Philadelphia,
Sept. 30, 1840.

My dear S——,

I have seen a great many cities and towns, from—the most picturesque of them all—my own Auld Reekie upwards to Vienna, Paris, and London, which, of course, is the glory of them all, and I pronounce that Philadelphia deserves to be ranked among the finest I have ever beheld. Chesnut Street, where, as I have already told you, I am domiciled, is two miles in length, and filled with fine shops; and, when these

are lighted up, makes a most brilliant appearance. All the streets are broad and well paved, and most of them are laid with blocks of wood instead of stone.

High Street is the broadest of them all, and has a covered market-place running through its centre; and you may promenade upwards of a mile through a profusion of all the good things of the earth—game, fish, flesh, and every variety of vegetables. I was surprised to see green peas at this late period of the season; and the display of fruit was refreshing in the extreme.

Well-stocked markets make every thing cheap; and I believe the expenses of living at Philadelphia are very moderate. This city is renowned for its hospitality and the good cheer it affords; and, judging from Mr. Jones's sumptuous and well-served table, and his moderate charges, it well deserves its fame. A gourmand with a rather consumptive purse cannot do better

than fix his tent here; for he may have his *reeves, rails,* and *terrapins*—the last a kind of land-turtle—at a more moderate rate than in other places.

Some of the public buildings are in very good taste: the United States Bank struck me as particularly so; the theatres are handsome; and Washington Square and several other squares are well laid out, with commodious seats to lounge on, and springs of water ready to refresh you; and several of the finest streets, such as Arch Street and Broad Street, are planted with trees.

I should say that Philadelphia would be improved in appearance if more of the religious edifices had spires attached to them; and there is a general air of sombreness about it, increased perhaps by the quantities of Quakeresses and weeping willows you meet at every turn. Still I must admit that Chesnut Street, at certain hours of the day, with its gaudy shops and handsome

well-dressed females, reminded me of Milan. All the streets from the Delaware that cross High Street, are called First Street, Second Street, Third Street, and so on up to Thirteenth Street.

Harrisonian and Loco-foco banners are waving at present over the whole city; and you have only to enter the different committee-rooms to hear both sides of the question in their fullest extent. The mania for declamation and oratory seems universal.

I went to view the statue of William Penn at the Pennsylvanian Hospital. It is told of this celebrated Quaker, that during the sixty years of his administration, not one drop of Indian blood was shed, that is, during the first sixty years from the foundation of the colony. Philadelphia is the metropolis of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg its capital.

Hundreds of omnibuses are constantly in motion in every direction. We put our-

selves into one, and went to the Fairmount Waterworks: this is, and deserves to be, a very favourite resort. The grounds are tastefully and beautifully arranged, with spouting Cupids, and all manner of other gods and goddesses. The river Schuylkill is here dammed up, and steam machinery carries it to the summit of Fairmount.

The heavy column of water, in its progress up the hill, supplies six large tanks, containing each four millions of gallons, from whence iron pipes carry it to every street in the city. It is said that the pipes are forty miles in length, and that they can supply eight million gallons a-day.

On the summit you have a delightful promenade, and a magnificent view of Philadelphia and its environs. The bridge across the Schuylkill, and the numerous country-houses on the banks of this splendid river, are beautiful objects.

We viewed the Preston Retreat, a cha-

ritable institution for females; the Penitentiary, which is on a large scale; an immense shot manufactory, and Mons. Gerard's College. The Exchange and Post-office are fine edifices, built of *white* marble, as is also the Bank of Pennsylvania; but, as a counterpoise of colour, all the waiters at the hotels are *black*, and all the chambermaids *brown*.

There are innumerable churches of all persuasions, and many benevolent institutions, as well as an extensive public library, founded by Franklin, whose grave I visited; and, to conclude my catalogue, there are no less than four well-supported theatres.

Adieu.

LETTER XLII.

Excessive Heat—Journey to Baltimore—Ague—The Indian Princess POKAHONTAS!—Delaware River—Scenery—Game—Chester Creek—General Ross—Military Criticism—BALTIMORE—Washington's Monument—The Battle-Monument.

Baltimore, October 1, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

The weather is perfectly ungentlemanly and West India-like. Philadelphia, yesterday and this morning, was tepid; and now Baltimore is boiling; and the Exchange Hotel, where I am located, cannot, with all its double Venetians, keep out the heat.

But to proceed regularly. We left Philadelphia at an early hour; and embarking on the Delaware, in the "Robert Morris" steamer, glided down this flat-shored, muddy, and uninteresting river! Philadelphia used to have a fever commonly called "Yellow

Jack:" it must still have ague; although I admit draining and cultivation have done much for it. That ague is prevalent, we learned yesterday from the Irishman who explained to us the water-works at Fairmount. "Plaze, your honour," said he,—I thought this sounded very unrepublican,—"this is the first day I have been on duty since I had the marsh *favor*."

At breakfast, on board the "Robert Morris," I had the supreme honour of sitting next to the lineal descendant of the Indian Princess Pokahontas! think of that, my dear fellow, and envy me as you ought to do! When I got upon deck after this dignifying and refreshing meal, we passed Old Chester, and I thought I discovered my American friend, Captain A——, at his door. We had promised to pass by railroad, but as the cars set off at a late hour, and get to Baltimore during the night, we decided otherwise.

Before proceeding to this point we had

seen the dockyard and lazarette; and when we got to West Chester, the country was not quite so flat, and the Delaware at least two miles broad, with the New Jersey side of it rather pretty. On the Pennsylvanian side Willmington shewed itself on the acclivity of a hill, up to the foot of which runs the Christine Creek. Here my friend, the great Daniel, holds forth this day; and afterwards, as I believe I have already informed you, proceeds to Richmond in Virginia. This is what may be truly called labouring for the public weal, as he is extremely ill.

We soon after landed at Newcastle; and as we entered its port we passed a steamer crowded with patriots going to the gathering at Willmington; the band on board was playing the sublime national air of "Yankee Doodle!"

Newcastle is an ancient town; in it you are shewn an old house with a time-stricken chestnut-tree in front, coeval with its foundation by the Swedes in 1687. We soon

were placed in railway cars, which took us to French Town on the Elk river; where we again embarked, on board the "George Washington," a capacious, admirable, and well-conducted steamer. "The Elk," like its namesake, is a lovely beautiful creature, and glides majestically along. I was going to call it a silvery stream, but it soon loses all the character of a stream; and becoming twelve miles broad, assumes the name of Chesapeak Bay; and we soon saw in the distance vessels approaching from the Susquehanah. The scenery is noble, and the meeting of mighty waters adds sublimity to it.

Myriads of canvass-bag ducks passed over us, and small birds filled the rigging of every sailing-vessel which we met. This is the country for a sportsman: most kinds of fish are in abundance, and the banks of the Delaware are covered by numerous reed-birds.

At this place, notwithstanding the breadth

of the noble Chesapeak, it has still 200 miles to wend on its way to the Atlantic. During its progress it receives numerous important rivers both on its eastern and western side.

We next passed Poole's Island, the Chesapeak being here twenty miles broad, and neared the mouth of the Patapsco. We went close round North Point and Chester Creek, and beheld the house established as poor General Ross's head-quarters on his landing, after he had descended the Patuxent and ascended the Chesapeak, thus making a long *détour*. Now, if I may venture an opinion, I would say that he should have marched direct from Bladensburgh, Benedict, or even from Washington; the latter place being only forty miles from Baltimore. Had he done so, he would have gained much time, and have been able to attack it on its weakest side. As it was, he found it necessary to send a party to the eastern branch of the Patapsco to try to burn

the city; but the Americans had taken the precaution to place a detachment at Mud-fort, which deranged the attack. However, I admit it is much more easy than fair to criticise military matters twenty-five years after they have taken place.

We now passed Bar Creek; and the scene of action was pointed out to me in the distance: we soon after found ourselves opposite the angular point formed by the two branches of the Patapsco, on which Fort M'Henry is situated; the inner, or western branch being the water-approach to the town.

As to the failure of this expedition, as far as the taking of Baltimore was concerned, we all know that war is a game with many chances. General Ross, perhaps, very naturally did not like to leave his resources, and march from Benedict or Bladensburgh. To be sure, had he risked it, the army would have had an additional stimulus,—"Take Baltimore or starve." If he had performed

the former, there was no danger of the latter; for it is the great flour-mart of America, besides other pretty pickings, which would have been both useful and ornamental. But Fate willed it otherwise, and Baltimore escaped.

It is a splendid city: Market Street is magnificent; and Washington's Monument is grand and worthy of the occasion; it is a noble column of white marble: the simple inscription

MARYLAND TO WASHINGTON

pleased me much. It is placed in the highest part of the town, and from the top you have a splendid view of the Chesapeak and the circumjacent country. This part of Baltimore is laid out in terraces and squares: the houses are large and well built. The entire population of the city is said to be about 90,000.

The Battle Monument in Calvert Street is paltry, and unworthy the occasion. Surely

the gallant General Ross having been killed by a bush-ranger whilst reconnoitring, and the licking that Sir Arthur Brook gave them later in the day, make such a record ridiculous. So far as it is meant as a tribute to the memory of the brave citizens who fell on the occasion, I have nothing to say against it.

Adieu.

LETTER XLIII.

First Impression produced by the Sight of Washington —English Political Blundering — Journey from Baltimore—Bladensburgh—Washington, its single Street—Cordial Reception of Mr. Daniel Webster —Lottery Offices—Colonel Henderson—Visit to the War Secretary—Visit to the English Ambassador, too Early in the Day—Public Buildings—Potomac—Exorbitant Charges—Rapid Disappearance of Dollars—Dress of the Americans—A slight Sprinkling of Male and Female Dandies—Travelling and Politics the two grand Manias—Probable Fate of the Federal Government.

Washington, the Seat of the Federal Government, and Capital of America, October 2, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

"*Le vent du bureau est bon!*" and the adage may possibly be politically true of Washington; but, morally and physically, this place has little to recommend it. It impressed me with the idea of a deserted

village in an unwholesome country; and the low, broad, slowly-moving Potomac, with its marshy banks, must make it unhealthy, particularly at this sultry season. Take the Capitol and government offices away from it, and it is the most forlorn and melancholy place, bearing the name of a capital, I ever was in: and the absence of the members of Congress, who are all at present at their homes, adds to the appearance of desolation.

And is it possible that, by way of conquering America, a great expedition was sent here

"To beard the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall?"

How the Yankees must have laughed in their sleeves at Mr. Bull's mistaking the semblance for the reality! It is true that its streets and squares are marked out, and are to radiate from its splendid Capitol as from a common centre; but all this is a mere project, never likely to be realised. In the

meantime you can have a day's shooting over its projected streets. Its unwholesome position has hitherto conquered even the pertinacity of this go-a-head nation.

The great Washington was, I believe, the original projector, and the surrounding district was purchased with the public money, and called Columbia. May we not look upon this as almost the one single error of his illustrious life?

But before I expatiate upon this city, it will be quite as well for me to inform you how I got here. At a very early hour we were hurried off from Baltimore, and when we got to the railway the cars were crowded to suffocation; and whom should I espy, squeezed up in a corner of one of them, but the ubiquitous Mr. Daniel Webster himself, who, having concluded his exertions at Willmington, was proceeding, *viâ* Washington, to Richmond.

We held on among the throng as well as we could—I with my lame arm—till we

got to the engine-station, when more carriages were provided, and we rattled off, halting to water close to the viaduct by which the Ohio branch of the railway is carried across the Patapsco. We soon afterwards crossed another branch of the same river, now a tolerable sized mountain trout-stream. The whole country looks a sporting one, and is, I believe, full of game.

We halted for a few minutes at Bladensburgh, just long enough for me to take a hurried survey of the battle-field, where my friends the 85th got a pelting. We were soon after disgorged at the foot of the Capitol, and walked up the only street in Washington, in the rear of the great Daniel, who was hailed and shaken hands with by various shopkeepers *en passant*, the principal of whom were lottery office-keepers. As I had once won a *quatern* in France, and was moreover anxious to pay a compliment to what appears to be the staple article of commerce at this place,

I induced Major B—— to go halves with me, and we selected some numbers before we entered the National Hotel, kept by Mr. Gadsby. There we found our very kind friend Colonel Henderson on the look-out for us, who immediately gave us an invitation to dinner for Tuesday next; and when we explained to him that our arrangements made it impossible for us to be with him on that day, he fixed to-morrow for what he termed a *pot-luck party*.

We then got into one of the numerous hackney coaches, which constantly surround the inn doors, and the charges for which are enormous; and went and delivered the credentials with which General Scott had kindly furnished us for Mr. Pounsett, the War Secretary, a very gentlemanlike, amiable person, who received us most kindly; and it is arranged, that after going with him to church on Sunday, he will present us to the President.

We then, as in duty bound, drove to the English Ambassador's. A foreign valet, on opening the door, informed us "Mr. Fox was not up," and that he was a "*leetle* sick;" which I concluded was an amiable way of throwing a veil over his master's habits, which all the people here tell you are of the most owl-like description; as he never appears until twilight, and sometimes not then. I believe, however, he does the business of his country well; and whether by night or by day, I presume does not greatly matter. We left our cards and drove off.

The suburb, where Mr. Fox resides, is called George Town; and is higher, and consequently less unhealthy, than the lower part of the city, if city it must be called, although it has much more the appearance of a pleasing country village, and reminded me of Lucca Baths, or some such watering-place.

The public buildings are certainly magnificent, and the Capitol would have been worthy of Cæsar and of Rome. The Treasury also, when completed, will be a noble edifice. The President's house is finely placed; and, though last not least, the majestic lake-like Potomac spreading its pure and transparent waters round the south of the town, adds beauty to the whole. The bridge across is upwards of a mile in length; and, notwithstanding the intense heat, I had the courage to take a turn on it.

Let me indulge in a few groans as to the exorbitant charges that are inflicted upon you. The hackney coachmen are a race of extortioners. A ride to the Capitol is fifty cents; to Mr. Fox's, another fifty. They have no idea of any thing under half a dollar; whilst a London cabman, honest man! will take you half over London for the sum. Ask for a bottle of humble port, "Two dollars;" a bottle of sour *vin ordi-*

naire of France, which would be dear at three sous, "One dollar." I entered a shop at New York, and bought the smallest possible bottle of lavender-water, "One dollar, if you please;" at Baltimore, for a pair of gloves, "One dollar, if you please." It really becomes perfectly *dolorous*.

The Americans generally dress very well, and are always to be seen in their best attire. With them, according to the old song,

"The Sunday's jacket goes every day on."

Here, as amongst ourselves and every where else, there is to be found a sprinkling of absurdity—over-dressed ladies and barbarously bearded dandies; and every now and then you meet a nondescript with its hair in ringlets; or, as I saw Murat in bygone days, *en papillote*. But in general their appearance indicates propriety and good sense. They are fond of all sorts of amusements, but the national mania is tra-

velling; men, women, and children, they are all a nation of travellers! and this is only second in intensity to their political madness.

On the subject of politics, were I to venture an opinion, I should say that the Federal Government is doomed ere long to fall to pieces. Such an union as now exists must end in disunion. America is large, but incompact and disjointed. How can she brag of Freedom when she fosters slavery in her very bosom? and how can she talk of Liberty as long as she permits Lynch-law and mob-law to disgrace her soil? It is a farce!—Look at her pride of wealth, and her still greater pride of birth! Look at the discordant elements of which she is composed! and then say whether she can long hold together as a Republic. It is impossible! she lacks the dignity and compactness of the monarchical principle. True it is that "union is strength;" but then it

must be a real and genuine union; and how can it be such with America, when her provincial laws are at variance with her federal laws, and mobocracy rules the roast?

Adieu.

LETTER XLIV.

The Capitol — Its Architecture and Gardens — Ill Treatment of White Marble in America — The Rotunda—Basso-relievos — Captain Smith and the Princess Pocahontas — Pictures of Washington Resigning his Power; of the Surrender at Saratoga and York Town — French Lookers-on — Bitter Retribution exacted from them — Congress Hall — Senate House — View from the Dome — Grandeur of the proposed Plan of the City — Portraits of Indian Chiefs — Captain Stevens — Naval Details — Projected Visit to Mount Vernon — European Descents — Approach of Winter — Alterations in the River — Projected Bridge — Thoughts directed Homewards.

Gadsby's Hotel, Washington,
October 3, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

WE have passed this morning very agreeably at the Capitol and amidst its tastefully laid-out pleasure-grounds; which are

rich in native and exotic plants. I will not attempt to speak critically or architecturally on this splendid building; but, were I to venture an objection, it would be that the dome, as seen from the front, appears too heavy for the graceful pillars that support it. The statues of the God of War and the Goddess of Peace, on each side of the grand portico, are excellent, and do great credit to the young Italian artist who executed them: and the back-front of this master-piece of architecture, for such it undoubtedly is, is still handsomer than the grand front; for on this side the Grecian chasteness of the structure is not impaired by the side cupolas or the central dome; and Ducatur's monumental fount has here a very beautiful effect.

Throughout the whole of the buildings there is an abundance of white marble; but, alas, it is far from being in a state of spotless purity! The universal national stain, or

rather the myriads of national stains, disfigure it every where. In every part of the Capitol, go where you will, up-stairs or down-stairs, the traces left by this most expectorating community meet the eye in every variety of disgusting tinge! Oh that the Legislature, among all the bills they are concocting on this very spot, would but pass one to abate this hideous nuisance! but tobacco is the staple commodity of the country; and to check its consumption would probably be considered as unpatriotic. At all events, it is devoutly to be wished that they could turn the tide of their commerce into some other channel.

We remained a long time in the Rotunda, which is under the central dome. It is ninety feet both in height and diameter, and contains many pieces of painting and of sculpture. Among these are four very interesting basso-relievos, illustrating the early history of the Republic. One is the land-

ing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth in Massachusetts, in 1620; another, William Penn forming his first treaty with the Aborigines, in 1682; the third, a furious contest between Daniel Boone, the first settler in Kentucky, and two Indians; and the fourth is the Princess Pocahontas, coming forth to save the life of Captain Smith, who was doomed to death by her cannibal father and his tribe.

The Captain had been feasted to excess, after their most approved fashion; and the artist, with more fidelity to history than good taste, has represented him as actually gorged with food; and as he lays prostrate on the ground ready for the sacrifice, his buttons, which appear in superfluous numbers, seem ready to give way. It was, no doubt, the long consultation which succeeded the feasting that gave the amiable and sensitive princess time to contemplate his inflated charms, and to fall so desperately

in love that, when entreaties were in vain, she rushed to the rescue, and, getting his head under her arm, exposed her own to the tomahawk. The king, her father, relented; Smith was saved; they were married in due form, and I had the honour, as I have before told you, of sitting, on board the "Robert Morris" steamer, next to *the produce* of this romantic tale.

Then comes a painting by Colonel Turnbull of the Declaration of Independence, in 1776; and, as a finale to this division of the revolutionary drama, Washington resigning power after having rescued his country. A noble subject I admit; but, Englishman-like, the pictures which most attracted my attention were the surrender at Saratoga, and that of the gallant Cornwallis at York Town; with the little cocked hats and powdered heads that stand round, as the brave warrior delivers his sword to Washington; whilst Lafayette and many

other French nobles are witnesses of the humiliating scene. Oh, that men would but "look before they leap!" Would the proudest and greatest names of France have here put themselves so prominently forward, had they known the seeds they were about to carry home to their own country; and which afterwards sprung up and ripened to their own fearful undoing? Their *fleurs-de-lis*, and white cockades, and exulting faces, had bétter have been at home! How few of their names remain; and scarcely one, with the exception of Lafayette, retained his fortune! Their crusade in the cause of American liberty prepared a bloodier crusade against their country and themselves. But, peace to their manes! they were a set of gallant fellows, and laboured in what they deemed a noble cause!

The Congress Hall is too large for the human voice to fill; the Senate House is better. "What's in a name?" as Juliet

asks. Why, this is the House of Lords to all intents and purposes! But I am not going to pester you with an essay on the American constitution. The Library is extensive and well arranged. We mounted to the top of the grand dome, and enjoyed a most extensive and magnificent view of the winding Potomac and the surrounding country. The banks of the river close to the city are flat and low; but both before and after it passes Washington, they are high, and the adjacent hills are very fine.

It was a grand and proud idea to make the Capitol the centre of a circle, from which the streets were to radiate to reach the eastern and western branches of the Potomac, making a length of at least two miles each way. The project, however, will, in all probability, never be carried into

execution. Washington is said to be subject to fevers at certain seasons of the year; at least it has got the reputation of being unhealthy, and we know that nothing can withstand the old proverb, "Give a dog, &c." Its site reminded me of Rome; only that the Tiber runs through, whereas the Potomac skirts this *intended* metropolis.

We drove again to the Treasury and War departments, and were greatly interested with the portraits of many of the most distinguished Indian chiefs, and the details concerning them which were given us at the various offices in the Indian department.

We dined with the Commandant of Marines, and were most kindly and hospitably entertained by him and his amiable family. Many officers were present, and a military band played "God save the Queen" and

several Scotch tunes during the evening. Of the numberless toasts given, our gracious Sovereign was the first.

Captain Stevens, the Commissioner and Director of the Washington Naval Arsenal, was one of the party; he informed me that no ship was building there at present, and that their principal employment was the manufacture of chain cables. Another of the naval guests was Captain Aulic, a fine, jovial sailor, who had only recently returned from a four years' voyage round the world, and had just been appointed to a new ship, in which he is to make a second voyage of circumnavigation. Captain Stevens pressed me to pay him a visit, and inspect the Dock-yard.

Among the ladies present were some who were particularly intimate with Mrs. Washington, the wife of the lineal descendant of

the great General; and they obligingly offered to arrange a party to take us with them to visit Mount Vernon,—but it could not be. They have particular engagements for the next two days, and our time here is limited.

That very usual theme of European descent being started by some of the fair damsels present, Colonel Henderson, our kind host, gave us his Scotch pedigree; and General Jessup, the Quartermaster General of the United States' army, minutely detailed his Welsh lineage. We could have dispensed with the account which this gentleman afterwards gave us of his having taken Sir Phineas M—— prisoner; his conversation about the Florida war was much more interesting, and certainly much more to our taste.

To our regret we now find that we are

too much pressed for time to take our intended trip to Harper's Ferry, the great manufactory for small arms; and we shall be forced, also, to abandon the view of the junction of the Shenandoah with the Potomac, which every body pronounces to be extremely beautiful. Winter is fast approaching, and the thermometer has varied 25° since yesterday. Numerous species of the finest wild fowl are seeking the Potomac from colder regions. It is seldom frozen over sufficiently for the purposes of transport; indeed, the winters are in general very mild, and it is very rarely that the snow, and, consequently, the sledging, lasts two months.

This river has for years been observed to recede from its banks and to get shallower; and in its best days it was only navigable

to Bladensburgh and George Town for the very small craft. The commercial port is Alexandria, a few miles lower down the Potomac, whence all the staple articles of Virginia, such as flour and tobacco, are exported. Before the change of the river took place and the breaking down of the bridge obstructed the navigation, the *entrepôt* was at George Town.

The bridge was of wood, and used to be periodically destroyed or injured by the breaking up of the ice. It is now found useless to attempt its reconstruction, except in stone; but as Washington gives no promise of increasing either in wealth or population, I presume such an expensive work will never be undertaken across an expanse of water so broad as the Potomac here presents.

Both Major B—— and myself begin to look homewards with anxiety, and hope to enjoy a merry Christmas in Old England, the best country in the world after all!

Adieu.

LETTER XLV.

ALEXANDRIA — Slavery — West Indies — The Glorious 1st of August, 1837 — Oratorical Labours — Thanks and Thanks only — Attendance at Church — The President — His Appearance — Visit to the White House — Audience — Mr. Van Buren's Manners and Conversation — Unoppressed by the Cares of State — Illness of Mr. Fox — Dock-yard — Ominous-looking Bed-room.

Alexandria, Sunday,
October 4, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

HERE we are at Alexandria, and a regular and well-built town it is, finely situated on the right bank of the Potomac. It is a great shipping place for the exportation of flour to the West Indies; and the return

commodity is, I suppose, *niggers;* for the chief part of the population consists of a series of gradations, from a fine jet black to an elegant brown.

Slavery lords it here in all its hideous vigour; and I can conceive few things more painfully disgusting to the mind than walking, as we have just been, through the large and systematically arranged slave-marts, where the wholesale dealers in human flesh carry on their accursed traffic.

I have detested slavery in all its shapes ever since I wrote themes against it at school, and got flogged for the false concords in them; and my labours in the cause of freedom in the West Indies, which have been about as agreeably requited, have not lessened my antipathy to it.

Immediately after the glorious 1st of

August, 1837, and at the solicitation of the Government, I was sent to speak peace and good-will, and to give sage advice, to the young freemen of the West, "how to behave themselves." I well remember that Sir Samford Whittingham, who then commanded in chief in the Leeward Islands, emphatically said to me, "There is the stage!—now is your time!"

Thus urged to the task, I addressed the magistrates, and the proprietors, and managers of estates, together with the whole black and coloured population of Barbadoes, in fifteen different districts, and ran the risk of fifteen *coups de soleil* into the bargain, for negro etiquette demands that you should speak bare-headed, under a burning sun. All the addresses were afterwards published and circulated, and I re-

ceived the thanks of His Excellency the Governor, Sir Evan Macgrigor, of the Executive Council, of the House of Assembly, and last, not least, of Her Majesty's Colonial Secretary. But thanks, without "*quelquechose de plus solide*," are easily digested.

However, this is now an old story, and it has only been brought to my recollection by finding myself at once in the very centre of the detestable trade, and you must forgive me this one *groan*: had it been a military instead of a civil one, I would have kept it to myself. Feeling, however, as every man does in such cases, considerably relieved by the utterance of it, I will, according to my custom, revert back to the adventures of the morning.

At the appointed hour we went to the house of the Secretary at War, and ac-

companied him to church, where a humble-looking, unsophisticated clergyman expounded the Scriptures to us in a clear, simple, and impressive manner.

The church was singularly devoid of ornaments,—no cushions, hangings, or any thing of that sort; and, had it not been for the sable tinge of the congregation, you might have fancied that you had been in one of the humblest, and most ill-constructed country churches in England.

Some time after the service had commenced, I observed a well-dressed, middle-aged, gentlemanlike-looking person, attended by a very young man, enter the church, and take his seat in one of the back pews, which had nothing whatever to distinguish it from the rest. Before I overheard Mr. Pouncett whisper to Major B——

"That 's the President," I had settled in my own mind that it was so, and that we were in the awful presence of the head of the great Transatlantic Republic, the President of the United States!

I liked the cut of his head, I liked the cut of his whiskers, I liked the cut of his coat,—in short I liked the whole appearance of the man; and, notwithstanding the humble place of worship, his quiet and unostentatious manner, the absence of all ceremonial at his entrance, and the back seat which he occupied, there was something in his air and bearing that well suited the nobility of his position, and there was no mistaking "little Martin Van Buren!"

He had, it seems, come from his country residence, which is at some distance, and this accounted for his being late. The youth who accompanied him was his son.

Service being over, we walked up to his splendid mansion, which commands a noble view of the Potomac. I occasionally gave a glance towards the rear, and beheld the *republican monarch* walking behind us among the rest of the parishioners. The War Secretary, when we entered the grounds, proposed that we should proceed across the front of the building and enter by the opposite gate, in order to give Mr. Van Buren a few minutes' *law* before we attacked him; but several gentlemen, who like ourselves were anxious for an interview, had preceded us, and when we entered the presence-chamber we found the President already holding his *levée.*

We were presented, in due form, and were received with a most cordial shake of the hand, and requested, in a frank and unconstrained manner, to take seats. The

conversation was of a general nature, and related to the great improvements that had taken place in the Union within these few years. He talked on this subject with somewhat of a tone of exultation, but not too strongly marked; and when Major B——, who has travelled over the States before, acknowledged the great improvements that had taken place, it appeared to give much satisfaction to the patriotic ruler. His manner was easy and gentlemanlike, and the visit was a very agreeable one. After inquiring where we were quartered, and so forth, he was proceeding to ask us for political news, when other strangers came in, and the Secretary at War got up and took his leave, and we, of course, followed his example. I dare say Mr. Pouncett thought the subject a tender

one, knowing the political excitement against the President, which we had been witnessing in every part of the country.

Mr. Van Buren's ease of manner, cheerfulness, and robust appearance did not shew that his health or his comfort was at all affected by the great national struggle that was going on around and *about* him; he appeared to me to be as agreeable, spruce, knowing-looking, gentlemanlike a fellow as I ever came across, and his reception of us was most cordial. After our audience, we viewed the building and walked through the grounds.

The Major and myself had felt rather sore at not having our visit returned by our own ambassador, nor any notice taken of our cards; but we fortunately spoke on the subject to Mr. Pouncett, who informed us

that Mr. Fox was seriously ill and confined to his bed; and that his *charge d'affaire*, young Hudson, was also on the sick list, having caught the marsh-fever by exposing himself to the night-air when on a shooting expedition.

Mr. Pouncett was kind and affable in the extreme; and apologised for not being able to entertain us, in consequence of his daughter-in-law, who was residing with him, being in the straw.

We went to the Dock-yard in the evening; called on Colonel Henderson, and took leave of him and his charming family; and then, embarking in a steamer, proceeded down the Potomac to this place; which my *ci-devant* acquaintance, Jemmy Gordon, took in 1814: and whether my good friends the Alexandrians still owe us a grudge for the

damage we did them on that occasion, I know not; but this I know, that the bed-room in which I am now writing is the only miserable and ominous-looking one I have had selected for me since I have been in the United States. But the doctrine of reprisals is strictly military; and if I am doomed to bleed to-night in my country's cause, be it so! In some alarm, I subscribe myself,

Your *probably devoted* friend.

LETTER XLVI.

A Good Day's Work — Pilgrimage to the Tomb of Washington — Slave Establishments — Mount Vernon — Bad Roads — Half-drunken Gardener — Cold Réception — The Tombs — Inscription — John Struthers, the Marble Mason — Summer-house — Black Guardians of the Mansion — Key of the Bastile — Portrait of Washington — Theories nipped in the Bud — Bed-Chamber — Orange-Trees — Return to the Capital — Urbanity of Public Functionaries — Mr. Pouncett, Mr. Forsyth, and Mr. Woodbury — Praises of Mr. Fox — Journey to Baltimore.

Baltimore, October 5, 1840.

My dear S——,

At all events, I have not shewn the vice of sloth to-day. I got out of bed in Alexandria, State of Virginia, this morning,

less mutilated than I had expected; and I am about to turn into another at the Exchange Hotel, Baltimore, Capital of Maryland, amidst the noise, din, excitement, strife, and rivalry of the Locofocos and Whigs, both of which parties are parading the streets in vast numbers with banners, torches, and so forth; added to which *pretty considerable* extent of travelling, *I guess*, I have been listening for the last hour to the most violent and infuriating harangues from the speakers on both sides. Surely we shall hear of broken heads ere morning.

This may be considered a good day's work; but every thing was so well timed on the *route* that not a moment was lost. After swallowing, at a very early hour, a somewhat indifferent breakfast at the City

Hotel, Alexandria,—the principal delicacy at which consisted of *Soarers, Anglicè* larks, which disappeared down the throats of the company the very instant they were served,—we started off on our pilgrimage to the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon.

Virginia exhibits hill and dale in pleasing variety, well wooded, well watered, and well inclosed. Some parts were apparently out of cultivation, from a lack of slaves; many of the poor wretches having been lately repurchased, and sent from hence to New Orleans. We saw some regular slave-marts as we passed along; and our Jehu pointed out to us the house and establishment of a Mr. A——d, a professional dealer in niggers, whose human paddocks and man-folds appeared to be well arranged.

Mount Vernon, the property of the Wash-

ington family, is a large and totally neglected estate, with innumerable wild deer and wild turkeys on it, and endless flights of soarers and Potomac teal, widgeon, and canvass-bag ducks. Cypress-trees and weeping willows were also most abundant.

The road to it is disgracefully bad; and, indeed, the family seem to throw as much difficulty as they well can in the way of the admiring pilgrims, who come to offer up their orisons at the shrine of wisdom and of patriotism; for they have lately debarred visitors from gliding gently down the smooth Potomac, and landing close to the house, which formerly was the mode of approach.

Nor did our cause of complaint end here; for after undergoing the penalty of this circuitous and diabolical route, we were most ungraciously received by a half-drunken and

marvellously loquacious black gardener, who directed us to the tomb. Notwithstanding we gave our names, and mentioned those of the ladies we had met at dinner at Colonel Henderson's, who were acquainted with Mrs. Washington, we had a wet blanket thrown over our inquiries by all the niggers, belonging to this national domain, from the sable florist downwards: and all our fine feelings, which we had summoned up on the occasion, were put to flight; and any attempt at blubbering over the tomb, like the Marquis de Lafayette, would have been a perfect failure.

To speak seriously, I cannot but think that Mrs. Washington and her young son ought to take measures for the better reception of the votaries who come to this shrine of departed greatness. It was not,

however, possible for us to contemplate the urn containing the ashes of this great man without a feeling of awe and veneration. I picked up a pebble through the iron railing that protects the tomb, and I cut a branch from the cypress-tree that waves over his grave.

The sarcophagus is chaste and beautiful, having only a plain shield surmounted by a spread eagle, and inscribed with the one single word—

"WASHINGTON."

By its side is placed another sarcophagus, containing the remains of his wife, with an inscription equally simple:—

"MARTHA,
Consort of
WASHINGTON,
Died May 21st, 1801, Aged 71 Years."

All this is fine, and as it should be; but alas! alas! "what a falling off is there," when your eye wanders to another part of the marble, and you read—

"By the permission of Lawrence Lewis, the surviving Executor of George Washington, this Sarcophagus was presented by John Struthers, of Philadelphia, Marble Mason.

"A.D. 1837."

How can the countrymen of this illustrious man—this unrivalled statesman, warrior, patriot—who feel and admit that his name is their chief pride and glory, endure to read these words, and permit the gratitude of an entire nation to be engrossed by one stone mason?

Quitting the tomb, we proceeded to visit the former resting-place of the bones of this wonderful man, before John Struthers' do-

nation led to their removal. A few oak-trees mark the spot, which overlooks the silvery and gracefully bending Potomac, and is far more beautiful than the one where the hallowed relics now repose.

We went, also, to the famous summer-house, which commands a splendid view of the river, and of Fort Washington on its opposite bank, and where the great General was wont to sit of a summer's even-ing, wrapt, no doubt, in contemplation of the noble deeds he had performed. How different must have been the current of his thoughts from those of a Cromwell or a Napoleon!

We were resolved, if possible, to see the mansion; and, undaunted by the rebuffs we had at first met with, set ourselves to work to propitiate two sable dames, who

were its guardians. A certain portion of *soft sawder*, blended with a due quantity of *quick silver*, which we administered in the most delicate way imaginable, did the business, and we were led through the principal apartments of the house: they are fitted up very simply and in good taste.

We were shewn the key of the Bastile, which is kept in a glass case. In the same room is an excellent portrait of Washington. The forehead and nose are remarkable, and the curl on his lip indicated a degree of lofty bearing and pride at variance with his known character. Later in the day, however, and whilst Major B—— and I were still theorising on the subject, Mr. F—— explained to us that this expression of countenance had resulted from the General's

having worn false teeth! What a descent from all our sublimities!

We made many efforts to see the chamber in which he had breathed his last, but in vain. As a great favour, however, we were allowed to peep through the keyhole.

We again encountered our ebony-coloured and talkative friend the gardener, who was now much more condescending and gracious than he had been, our success at the house having greatly augmented his opinion of our merits. He discussed at great length the growth of orange-trees, and shewed us some brought there by the General; and we plucked branches from the boxwood-trees which he had planted with his own hand. At length we turned our steps homewards, were a second time jolted to pieces over the most iniquitous of roads, and arrived

at Alexandria in time to get on board the steamer bound for Washington; where we landed, after a very rapid transit, and, having much to perform, drove at once to the Government offices, for the purpose of making our *congé* to the Secretary of War, who again received us most kindly, and walked through the Indian Department with us, pointing out on the splendid map the positions of various tribes. The affairs of this office appear to be admirably conducted.

He afterwards took us to the office of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and I was presented to Mr. Forsyth as the officer who commanded on the frontier during the border feud. This gentleman's reception of us was most gracious, and he exhibited an urbanity and kindness that

"I calculate" would be quite foreign in *some* foreign offices.

After a lively and agreeable conversation, he took us through the different offices of his department, and displayed the Treaty of Independence, bearing the sign manual of George the Third. He shewed us, also, the signature of George the Fourth and of Napoleon the Great, and exhibited all the presents given by crowned heads and others to the naval and military servants of the State—these functionaries not being permitted to retain any of the gifts presented to them, whilst in the service of their country;—thus rendering the long-established custom of *greasing of palms* totally nugatory.

Mr. Forsyth's manners were delightful: his countenance is mild, pale, penetrating,

and intellectual; the abundance of curly white hair around his expansive forehead gives it a very peculiar expression.

The "First Lord of the Treasury" also went over his own department with us. Mr. Woodbury is a very different looking personage, and had more of the real genuine Yankee about him than any of his diplomatic brethren; but then he is a *calculator* by profession: he, however, was also very civil, and we took leave of the Secretary at War and the other ministers, much gratified by their condescension and kind attention.

All these functionaries were warm in their encomiums upon our minister, Mr. Fox. They said that if he himself slept through the day, he never allowed the affairs of his country to sleep; that he was

always on the alert, and that no British minister had ever more assiduously watched over the interests of England, or conducted her affairs with more ability; and that no ambassador had ever been held in higher estimation and respect by the whole of the American cabinet for the prompt and businesslike habits he always exhibited.

This was all very gratifying to hear; and, like true patriots, Major B—— and I freely forgave him for not taking the trouble to send his return-card to our hotel.

We had just time to take some refreshment at Mr. Gadsby's; and then got into the rail-cars, and were rattled back by the same route we had already traversed to Baltimore, where we took another view of the Washington Testimonial, and beheld the political strife in all its fury, as I have

already mentioned. The din and tumult appear to increase every hour; and I am quite sure that upwards of 20,000 Harrisonians and Van Burenites are in motion; hallooing, screeching, and huzzaing at such a tremendous rate, that I doubt whether sleep will be possible, although my hard day's work desperately inclines me to it.

Adieu.

LETTER XLVII.

Peaceable Conduct of Turbulent Crowds — Mystery solved by the Absence of Brandy — Journey to Philadelphia — Rivers — Towns — Chester — PHILADELPHIA — Party at Mr. Cadwallader's — Luxurious Table — Horses — Miraculous Trotters — Illuminated Stable — The Turf.

Union Hotel, Chesnut Street, Philadelphia,
October 6, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

BEFORE I quitted Baltimore this morning, I made especial inquiries, and glanced over several morning newspapers, supposing it to be totally out of the question that the turbulent crowds collected last night could

have separated without performing some of the humours of Donnybrook Fair: but so it was; not a single row — not a solitary broken head, to shew up as a proof of the patriotism of the Baltimorians! It is really quite melancholy; and any genuine Irishman, peasant, squire, or marquess,

"Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man,"

could never exist in so stupidly peaceful a country.

With the exception of the bowie-knife-flourishing at Niagara, I have never beheld the semblance of a riot. No police, no constables meet the eye; and as for watchmen, Heaven help the young gentleman that has a propensity to floor Charleys, — no such animals exist to be floored! It was really provoking, after all the stimulating

addresses I had listened to, to find out, at length, that no heart-rending catastrophe had resulted from them; but the thing is explained in one word. No *alcohol* was called into operation to give passion the upper hand of reason.

We took our seats in a very comfortable rail-carriage, crowded with well-dressed ladies; and after crossing a branch of the Patapsco, we passed over Gunpowder River by a bridge on piles, of more than a mile in length. Near this bridge is pointed out to you the first harbour reached by the Maryland Settlers.

We soon after crossed the Bush River, another formidable stream; and arrived at Havre-de-Grace, where we embarked on board a magnificent steamer, called the Susquehanah, and crossed the noble river

of that name very near its confluence with the Chesapeak.

This steam-boat plies both summer and winter; and, notwithstanding the ice in the latter season, never fails to make a clear and safe passage. The river is at this place extremely beautiful; and its rich banks shew you that it is a land "flowing with milk and honey." A small town, picturesquely situated at a distance up the stream, adds much to the beauty of the scene.

We now left the north-west river to our right, and coasted along the Christina Creek for some distance; then taking again to the rail-road, we arrived at Willmington, a large town with the Brandy-wine River — what a name! — running through it; and the Christina Creek keeping up the water-com-

munication with the Delaware. It is a wealthy city, and owns 12,000 tons of shipping: its whale-ships are numerous. Moreover, it is a fine sporting country; and you may kill with ease your twenty couple of jack snipe of a morning.

We stopped at Chester; but were not so fortunate as to see our friend the American Captain, although we had written from Washington to advise him of our passage through this town; which is celebrated as the place where William Penn held his first legislative assembly. The growth of mulberry-trees seems to be encouraged on this line of road. After crossing the Schuykill River by a well-constructed viaduct, we were dragged through the suburbs of Philadelphia at a snail's pace by horses, much to our annoyance. The sudden transition

from flying to creeping at the end of a rail-road journey is an absolute misery.

When we arrived at the Union Hotel, we found a pressing note of invitation from our kind friend Mr. Cadwallader; and dressing as speedily as might be, we drove to his mansion, where a party was assembled to meet us, and where our reception was most kind. If his splendid residence, well-appointed household, elegant dinner arrangements, admirably cooked viands, and choice wines may be taken as a sample of the internal economy of an American private gentleman's establishment, I can only say that the New World is not a jot behind the Old. Fifty years' old Madeira, which was absolute nectar — old East India Sherry — Champagne, Mousseaux and still — sparkling Hock and Hermitage — with delicious Châ-

teau Margaux were on the table from the commencement of the feast, and within the reach of all the guests, and not paraded round the table at half-hour time, as you and I have sometimes seen it in very pompous places. The first course was excellent; the second superexcellent, consisting of pheasants, quail, partridges, rail, and teal, dressed in a variety of ways, and followed by souflets, and all sorts of correct things. The whole was wound up by a profusion of ices of various kinds. The cloth removed, still older and still more nectar-like Madeira was produced; but the *real business* of the evening was transacted in glorious Château Margaux, twenty years old.

The exploits of horses were one of the principal topics of conversation. Mr. Cad-

wallader is the fortunate possessor of two of the fastest trotters in the world. They can do five-and-twenty in the hour, and are part of a team of four which he has trotted twenty miles an hour. The portraits of the two wonders were produced.

When the fair hostess retired, coffee and cigars were introduced; and, at my request, at a very late hour of the evening, we all paid a visit to the stud, which our early arrangements for to-morrow's journey would otherwise have prevented our seeing.

The stables were very promptly illuminated to receive us at this unusual hour; and the good points and special merits of each of the noble animals were pointed out to us in the most scientific manner. The two best trotters, which had won several cups and matches, were in loose boxes. From the

tenour of the conversation, it was evident that the Americans sport their coin freely on the turf; and a bet of 20,000 dollars, which two of the gentlemen present made on a race which was soon to come off, appeared to attract little notice. The stud-groom, as well as several of the under-grooms, were English.

It was close upon the morning when we bade adieu to our kind host and his convivial party; both of us greatly delighted with American cheer and American hospitality. If this is to be taken as a specimen of first-rate Transatlantic *spreads*, then long life to the *spread eagle*, surrounded by its stars, of which we pronounce Mr. Cadwallader to be one of the first magnitude!

Adieu!

LETTER XLVIII.

Alarm of Fire—Early Rising—Journey to New York—Steam-boat Cautions—American Honesty and Liberality—The Delaware—Cultivation of Silk—Château of the Ex-King of Spain—Prince Achille and his Luggage—Political Vicissitudes—Towns—Brighton—The Astor House *in statu quo*—Exhibition of Indian Warriors—Reflections.

Astor House, New York,
Oct. 7, 1840.

My dear S——,

Our festivities at Mr. Cadwallader's, our previous journeyings, and, more than all, the political tempest of the preceding night, had made me not a little desirous of a comfortable snooze at Mr. Jones's; but I was

doomed to be balked of it, being suddenly aroused, before I had been half-an-hour in bed, by an appalling noise almost close to my open bed-room window, and by the tolling of the deep-sounding fire-bell. Soon after came the rushing noise of passing fire-engines in full gallop, with the screaming accompaniment of the mob. This agreeable confusion lasted for an hour or two; and I had scarcely composed myself again to slumber, when that most detestable of all visitors, the hotel-porter, came to call me. At the moment, I most devoutly wished all the steamers, and rail-roads, and hotel-porters, at the bottom of the Atlantic; and serious thoughts crossed my mind of moving and seconding a twenty-four hours' postponement; but I heard the cheerful voice of the alert Major, and up I started, resolved that he

should not have the whip hand of me. We were soon on board a steam-ship, called the "New Philadelphia," and proceeded to mount the Delaware.

The first objects that attracted my notice on entering this vessel were placards stuck up in all directions, bearing the ominous words, "Beware of pickpockets:" and this reminds me of a dilemma in which my friend and fellow-traveller had placed himself.

At Mr. Gadsby's hotel, at Washington, a printed injunction was posted up in all the chambers, "Travellers are recommended not to leave money in their trunks." Notices of this sort are frequent in many of the towns. At New York you are commanded never to leave the key in your bed-room door, and always to bolt yourself in at night. I have never attended to either of these orders, and

have never lost a single article belonging to me.

Anxious to profit by the admonition of Mr. Gadsby, Major B—— had, previous to our crossing the Potomac and visiting Mount Vernon, consigned nearly all his cash to the innkeeper's safe custody; but we were so hurried on our return to Washington, that he set out for Baltimore without recollecting that he had done so; nor did he discover his omission until we had proceeded some distance. The conductor of the railway-carriages has promised to get it forwarded to him; and the hotel-keeper at Baltimore was extremely obliging on the subject, and guaranteed the restoration. I mention this as a proof of the civility and good faith we have experienced throughout the country.

We stopped at Burlington, New Jersey,

to put out a part of our living cargo; but their places were supplied by nearly an equal number; for, go where you will, there appears to be no limit to the rage for travelling!

The Delaware, which, to my mind, had hitherto been rather a melancholy affair, now becomes narrower, and somewhat more picturesque.

New Jersey abounds in mulberry-trees; and the rearing of the silkworm is now much attended to; as it is, also, I am told, in many of the other states; the local legislatures of which give handsome premiums to the cultivators of silk. Not only is the price of labour in this branch of industry very high, but it has another advantage, as it gives employment to the younger females, who are able to reel off in a day from a

pound to a pound and a half of silk; which, from the nature of the climate, promises to be exceedingly fine, and is already much sought after. The cocoons are eagerly bought up; and the present price of the silk is about eight dollars the pound.

We landed at Bodminton, and took to the rail-road: the cars halted opposite Casa Murat; and we next came to the Ex-king of Spain's château. It is in a delightful situation, surrounded with a great deal of wood and a long enclosed chasse. Nevertheless, I cannot but wonder at His Majesty's having fixed his tent on the banks of so uninteresting a river as the Delaware.

We halted a short time at Hidestown, half way to New York; then at Spotswood; and, at last, after rattling along the right bank of the Raritan, we embarked at Amboy

on board the "Independence" steamer, which proceeded up a narrow passage between New Jersey and Staten Island.

Amongst my shipmates I observed a tall man, of a dark and sallow complexion, and with a countenance decidedly Italian; he had a bundle in his hand, and was pointed out to me as Prince Achille, the son of Joachim Murat, ex-king of Naples! I absolutely started when I was told this; for I well remembered him in former days, when I had the honour of assisting at a grand review of Murat's army on the Champ de Mars at Naples in 1814. He was then a fine, dashing, well-mounted stripling; and I recollect his riding up to me to express his regret, "that his *own* regiment of Black Horse was not on the field, but quartered at Capua, as he would have been proud

to have charged at their head in my presence."

How like an exaggerated and overcharged romance does every thing connected with Napoleon's crowd of kings now appear! Murat was the only one of the set whom my fate brought me into contact with. Poor Murat! he was the bravest of the brave,— "*Le sabreur* of the French armies,"— the best cavalry general in Europe! Owing to my intimacy with Lord W. Bentinck and the beautiful Lady O——, your humble servant was at that time brought upon the stage; and made to take a part in the political drama which Murat was then enacting, to save his kingdom and his life; and now his son is his own luggage-bearer!

"*Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

But to proceed with our route. . State

Island is undulating and picturesque, studded with country residences in every direction; and as we passed we had a fine view of Elizabeth Town and Newark on the New Jersey side, and of Brighton on the other, with its bathing establishment and splendid hotel. To this place the overworked New Yorkites come in summer and autumn, to shake the dust of the city from their bodies, and the drudgery of business from their minds. The houses are tastefully built, and are placed round "Old Sailor's Harbour" and "Old Sailor's Hill;" on the latter a splendid naval hospital has been erected.

From this place New York looks large and grand, although at some distance; and the Narrows, with Fort Lafayette, were seen to great advantage under the refulgence of the setting sun.

We found the Astor House, as usual, crowded to excess; and although I went through the usual American ceremony of shaking hands with all the proprietors, I was shewn into a small room — a thing I detest. So I have made up my mind to be off to-morrow, as soon as we have visited West Point.

We have been this evening to the Museum opposite the hotel, to see a large company of Indian warriors, accompanied by their squaws, exhibit the various modes and ceremonies of savage life. They gave us representations of the councils, revels, war-songs, dances, &c. of the Esquimaux Sac, Fox Camanche, Winnebago, and other distinguished tribes. Never in my life did I come in contact with such a disgusting set of savages! — screeching, hooting, howling, shouting, tomahawking, scalping, crouching

in ambush, &c. &c. &c. However, the exhibition-room was crowded to excess, and the performances appeared to give general satisfaction.

What a difference have a few generations produced! To see the rightful owners of the soil exhibiting the former prowess of their race to gain a paltry pittance at the hands of their despoilers! But, change, change, change, is the universal law; and we could not get on, I suppose, without ex-kings and ex-savages.

Adieu.

LETTER XLIX.

Disappointment—Visit to West Point given up—Sight-seeing at New York—Meeting with Kind Friends—A Phrenological Lecturer—A New Science discovered by him—Mr. Colt's Rifle—New Mode of Imitating Old Paintings—Niblos Gardens now an Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures.

Astor House, New York,
October 8, 1840.

My dear S——,

We are doomed to be *balked* in our desire to visit the Military Establishment at West Point. This morning we got up at a very early hour for the express pur-

pose of going there; but the stupidity of the people at the Bar caused us to be too late for the only steamer that would take us.

There was no help for it, and we were obliged to put up with this second disappointment; and so, having a long day upon our hands, we resolved to turn it to the best account we could, by again visiting some of the objects of chief interest at New York, and calling on our friends Dr. Wainwright and Dr. Bartlett, the talented editor of the "Albion" newspaper; the latter is a great enthusiast about the regeneration of Lower Canada. I also saw my friend General Miller, who read me a very clever and instructive paper on the defence of our North American possessions, and the formation of veteran battalions. Dr T—— and

Judge M'Clean also renewed their kind attentions to us.

During the day the political promenade in the passage of the Astor House was not neglected. There I met old friends, and was introduced to new; amongst others, to a phrenological lecturer, who gave me a learned exposition of a new science discovered by himself, which embraces the formation of the body as well as the construction of the head, and which takes in the structure and muscular motions of all the component parts of the human frame. This personage proposes soon to visit England, to enlighten, and lighten, John Bull, and probably to put his bump of credulity to the test.

A Mr. Colt called upon me. He is the inventor and manufacturer of a rifle that

receives eight charges, and fires them with great facility in quick succession. This invention is also applied to pistols and fowling-pieces. I visited his manufactory, and minutely inspected the arm, which I think is good: he has already received a considerable order from the American government.

I came in contact also with another very intelligent person, a Mr. Burne, who has discovered a new art of colouring on canvass, by which he imitates very successfully the tints of the old masters.

In the evening we went to Niblos Gardens, which are now fitted up as a kind of national gallery for the exhibition of the arts and manufactures of this thriving community. It is an annual display, and contains many very interesting models and spe-

cimens. Still it is easily to be perceived that the arts and sciences are, comparatively speaking, in their infancy in America. Indeed, with such an extent of country still to settle and cultivate, it might be bad policy in the government to give too much encouragement to them. A certain number of medals and premiums are, however, periodically distributed.

The collection occupied a large space, and was crowded to overflowing by anxious, eager, and admiring spectators. Amongst other things, one of the directors, who was very attentive to us, pointed out a brass four-pounder on the same principle as Mr. Colt's rifle: it is, I am informed, to be sent to England. Whether it will succeed better than Perkins' steam-gun, time will shew.

To-morrow we start for Boston, and there will end my peregrinations in the United States.

Adieu.

LETTER L.

Leave-taking at New York—Voyage to Boston—Scenery—Sailors' Yarns—Indian Names—Contrast between Boston and New York—Meeting with a Schoolfellow—The Importance of Frequent Intercourse between the Old and New World—Voyage to St. John's, New Brunswick—Retrospect—Preconceived Ideas of the United States—Change of Opinion—Grateful Recollections—American Feelings towards the Mother Country—General Scott's happy Illustration of this—Cemented Union between the Two Countries—Danger which hangs over the United States—England and America, if combined together, Invincible.

St. John's, New Brunswick,
October 14, 1840.

My dear S——,

The date of this letter will tell you that my wanderings are over, and that this is the

last epistle I shall inflict upon you in the character of a traveller through the United States.

My adventures since I last wrote to you from New York on the 8th of October may be very briefly told. At my departure from that city on the following day nothing could exceed the kindness with which my friends there bade me adieu; their manner was not merely warm, it was affectionate, and will long dwell upon my memory. There are few things which I more dislike than the ceremony of leave-taking; it is a bore if you do not like the people from whom you are parting; it is a misery if you do: but if you have the good fortune to form agreeable friendships, it is the penalty which must be paid.

My valued and most agreeable fellow-

traveller, Major B——, accompanied me on board the "Norwich" steamer, by which I was about to proceed to Boston. There we shook hands and parted in the hope of a speedy and happy meeting in Old England, to which he was to proceed, direct, on the next day by the "Great Western;" whilst I am constrained to make a circuitous route, being obliged, in the first instance, to rejoin my regiment at Fredericton.

Exactly four-and-twenty hours intervened between my embarking at New York for Boston and my embarking at Boston for New Brunswick. In the passage to Boston we passed by a succession of interesting river and coast scenery; and long and numerous were the yarns told upon the deck of the steamer regarding the wonderful adventures of the early settlers, and the

still more wonderful adventures of their Indian predecessors. These I will spare you, and content myself by giving you one specimen of the Indian taste in names.

There is a certain huge duck-pond, which lay not far from our course, the margin of which was the favourite residence, in former days, of the Nipmuck Indians: it is sixty miles in circumference, studded with beautiful islands, and abounds with fish and game; and being supposed, from its possessing all these good qualities, to be the residence of the "Great Spirit," it was called, and indeed is still called, "Chargoggaggoggmanchogagag *Pond!*"

Is not that a glorious mouthful? I can pledge myself to the critical accuracy of the spelling from one *extremity* of it to the other; and does not the word *pond* come after it in beautiful taste?

At Boston I was warmly greeted by my old friends, and I found various letters awaiting me, amongst others an extension of my leave of absence; but I was anxious to get to head-quarters to make my arrangements for returning to Europe without delay, as I hope, if possible, to cheat an American winter, the gloomy and protracted horrors of which I have no wish needlessly to encounter; besides, urgent family considerations require my presence in England.

Every thing in this world is by comparison. When I first landed at Boston, coming as I did from the retirement of Fredericton, and before I had witnessed the noisy, giddy, bustling scenes of Broadway, I thought Boston a little Paris; but, after visiting New York, it appeared only a beautiful city and a quiet retreat; and the Tremont hotel, after the Astor with its tem-

pestuous politics, reminded me of the tranquillity of the cloister.

At the dinner-table at Boston, to our mutual delight and surprise, my old schoolfellow Moreland and I recognised each other. He had taken a trip across the "Steam Bridge" to judge for himself about Yankee men and Yankee manners; and was now waiting for the departure of another of Mr. Cunard's splendid, safe, and speedy vessels, "The Caledonia." He has done a wise thing; and most sincerely do I hope that the number of visitors between the two countries will now be multiplied a hundredfold. Nothing but this is wanting to unite us as we ought to be united.

Mr. Moreland and two or three other friends saw me safely on board the steamer, "The North America," a well-appointed and

sea-worthy vessel. We quitted Boston on the 10th at five P.M., and landed at St. John's on the 14th at two A.M.; a longer passage than usual, but our old and prudent pilot, not liking the weather, anchored us under the lee of Mount Desert on the night of the 11th.

And thus, my dear S——, have I redeemed my promise to you, and have brought to a close my very desultory and very imperfect account of one of the most interesting and agreeable journeys I ever undertook. In a space of less than two months, I have travelled a distance of between four and five thousand miles; and, thanks to land and water steam power, without risk or danger, and, comparatively speaking, without fatigue.

I set out, prepared to find much in the

United States to admire and much to condemn; but, at the same time, especially anxious to judge of men and things temperately and impartially. The impression which this tour has left upon my mind—and it is a most decided one—is, that we of the old country underrate the merits of the new. We know the strides which American enterprise, foreign and internal, is making; but we do not know, or at least we appear to be unwilling to admit, how nearly her people approach us in their social system, and how rapidly refinement and intelligence have increased and are increasing among them.

From the first day of my abode in the United States to the last, the conduct of the Americans towards me was one uninterrupted succession of attention and kindness; and I know how difficult it is for any man to prevent his estimate of a people being

biassed by his own personal feelings; but making the most ample allowance for this, I have left their shores with the fullest conviction that the more the mother and daughter, as the gallant General Scott so happily termed them in his speech at Lake Saratoga, become intimately acquainted with each other, the more will the elder dame find that she has cause to be proud of the relationship.

There is, I assert it for the tenth time, a feeling of love and veneration for the land of their ancestors inherent in the breast of every American; and it is strongest with those who are the most eminent for talents and learning: it is their pride and their boast; and let but England meet these generous sentiments in the way they merit, and the union between the two nations must be indissoluble.

A great danger hangs over America,—the danger of breaking into parts, not only from the discordant interests of the Northern and Southern States, but from the vast and still increasing extent of her territory. If she weather this, and continue to hold together, she must become one of the greatest and most powerful countries in the world: and England and America united, as they ought to be, with the same common lineage, the same language, and the same faith, might bid defiance to all the kingdoms of the earth!

Adieu, my dear S——.

THE END.

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